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The Shape of Things

IS MR. CHURCHILL JUST TRYING TO MAKE our flesh creep by his portentous remarks about the size of the Soviet army in Eastern Europe, or is he seriously implying that Russia is planning early physical aggression? Expressing alarm about the rapidity of British demobilization (a year ago he was chiding the Labor government for not releasing men fast enough), he alleged that the Soviets were maintaining 200 divisions on a war footing in European countries outside Russia and demanded confirmation or denial of his figures. When the government spokesman confessed inability to give exact numbers, Mr. Churchill charged "evasion" and asked for formal talks between government and opposition leaders—a step taken only in the event of a grave crisis. All this seems to us an unnecessary and provocative ringing of alarms at a moment when the first international necessity is a reduction in tension. It is known that there are large, too large, Russian forces in Eastern Europe, but Mr. Churchill's estimate of 2,500,000 to 3,000,000 seems way out of line. In an article in the New York *Times* of September 29, Hanson Baldwin put Russia's armed forces at about one-third of their peak war strength of twelve to fifteen million and estimated the total outside Soviet frontiers at "more than 1,500,000." This, however, included considerable numbers in Korea and Manchuria. Moreover, the Soviets appear to be reducing rather than increasing their armed strength. The 1946 budget for the U. S. S. R. cuts military expenditure to little more than half the 1945 total, and a new demobilization order—the fourth within the last six months—has just been announced. Most suggestive of all is accumulating evidence of a shortage of man-power in Russia's fields and factories, a shortage which endangers fulfilment of the Five-Year Plan and limits Russia's ability to fulfill Mr. Churchill's ominous predictions.

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A STORM IN A GLASS OF RUSSIAN TEA WAS whipped up by the recent report that in the U. N. Atomic Commission Professor S. P. Alexandrov had made radical proposals for a worldwide survey of uranium resources "that even went beyond some phases of the United States control plan." The immediate response to this sensational report gave some indication of the eagerness of the American people to detect a change of heart in the Russians, who have consistently stood firm on the Gromyko plan for national as opposed to international control. It now appears that the Alexandrov "proposal" was wrenched from its context in the amicable and informal discussions which are being carried on in the private sessions of Committee 2. As far as we can learn, what the Soviet delegate was discussing was the problem raised by the differences between high-grade and low-grade ore and the relative availability of uranium that might depend upon the varying efficiency of extractive methods. As King Gordon pointed out in *The Nation* of October 19, the Atomic Energy Commission has made some headway by carrying on its discussions on the technical level with specific reference to the main phases of the control problem: (a) diversion of materials, (b) clandestine operations, (c) forcible seizure of installations. This is hardly the stage in negotiations when sensational "revelations," however well-intentioned, should be sought for. Political differences or concessions will doubtless emerge later. Meanwhile, let's give the commission a chance to reach what agreement is possible on the practical details of control.

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FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS SEEKING CREDIT from the United States put themselves in a false position when they simultaneously applaud attacks on "dollar diplomacy." But the State Department became equally involved in contradictions when it expressed its resentment at such attacks by cancelling a loan previously offered to Czechoslovakia. This action, coupled as it was with inspired hints that only "friendly" countries could expect future aid, obviously seemed to confirm the charge that American wealth was being mobilized as a political weapon. Perhaps it was realization of this fact that caused Mr. Byrnes at his press conference on October 22 to deny he had adopted a policy of withholding financial aid from countries within the Russian sphere. American credit facilities, he said, were limited and would therefore be reserved for countries which were both needy and friendly. Contradicting the earlier State Department explanation, he added that cancellation of the Czech credit was due to the fact that need for it was less urgent than had originally been supposed. This

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statement seems to us to fall far short of a clear and constructive foreign-loan policy. What is required, we would suggest, is a declaration that all borrowers will be expected (a) to use credits in ways that will not damage American interests; (b) to adopt policies calculated to promote trade with the rest of the world and to facilitate eventual repayment; (c) to offer proof that their political systems are reasonably stable. Adoption of such criteria for credit applicants would be far better than attempting to divide sheep from goats on political lines and would be more in keeping with the spirit of the non-discriminatory economic program we are now championing at the preliminary International Trade Organization meeting in London.

*

O. JOHN ROGGE, SPECIAL ASSISTANT TO THE Attorney-General, has been dismissed from his post because he made known facts about the Nazi Fifth Column in the United States which he had gathered while on an official mission to Germany. Possibly Mr. Rogge was technically guilty of insubordination when he disclosed the contents of a report which Attorney-General Tom Clark has decided to suppress but his action was a public service. On the other hand, the Attorney General owes a full explanation of his conduct to *his* employers, the people of the United States. Why was he so anxious to wrap an iron curtain around a document which apparently includes much pertinent information about the ways in which the Nazis organized their propaganda in America and sought to influence the 1940 election? Was it because the report, on the basis of evidence gathered from Nazi files and officials, names some well-known American names including that of Senator Wheeler? And why did he refuse to allow Mr. Rogge to reopen the grand-jury investigation of Douglas M. Stewart and George T. Eggleston, publishers of *Scribner's Commentator,* after evidence had been found that their magazine was subsidized by the German government? Was he afraid of embarrassing the *Reader's Digest* which now employs Mr. Eggleston? These are questions which Mr. Clark must answer if he does not wish to forfeit the confidence of those whose legal interests he is supposed to safeguard.

*

MR. ERNEST BEVIN'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE House of Commons debate on foreign affairs took the form of a 109-minute global flight in the course of which he alighted briefly in almost every troubled area in the world. Unfortunately, his observations in the main were as superficial as those of most tourists; they neither added to what he had said on previous occasions nor inspired much hope that the problems touched on were approaching solution, with the possible exception of that of Indonesia. However, when he landed in Germany,

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the British Foreign Secretary had something new and important to say. In regard to the future constitution of Germany, his ideas seem fairly close to those recently outlined by Secretary Byrnes. Both desire a federal set-up akin to that of the United States with a central government exercising certain reserved powers and the states retaining authority over all other matters. There is also Anglo-American harmony on the subject of the Potsdam Agreement and when Mr. Bevin said it must either be carried out as a whole or replaced by a new agreement, Mr. Byrnes surely murmured "Amen." But Mr. Bevin's proposals for the socialization of German heavy industry may well have caused perturbation in Washington. It is true that many American officials, possibly even Mr. Byrnes, are reluctantly beginning to recognize that the prerequisites of a viable free-enterprise system do not exist in Germany today. But very strong opposition is to be expected from American business men including the influential groups that have large investments in Germany. The United States, therefore, probably will not hurry to assist in the delivery of a new socialist economy; Russia, strange as it may seem, is not likely to be overly cooperative unless assured of more reparations; France continues to give priority to the question of divorcing the Ruhr from the Reich. Consequently, Mr. Bevin's plans can only be carried into effect if and when they are incorporated within a much wider agreement between the Big Four.

*

JOHN L. LEWIS HAS MADE WHAT MUST SEEM to him an extremely smart move in threatening to call his miners out on strike on November 1 if the government fails to reopen contract negotiations. By breaching the present contract on a technicality, he has obtained the jump on the C. I. O. in the inevitable scramble for higher wages started by the lifting of price control—which, incidentally, he advocated. He has blocked the expected return of the mines to their owners and forced President Truman into a difficult dilemma on the question of general labor policy. Doubtlessly most important of all, from his point of view, his action threatens to turn the tide against the Democrats in three key senatorial contests. He probably even views with satisfaction the likelihood that a coal strike would increase inflationary pressures by delaying full industrial production indefinitely. We have no sympathy for Lewis's tactics, and we should like nothing better than to see his unscrupulous maneuver fail. But we hope that the government will not be jockeyed by the anti-labor press into a position of resisting the miners' legitimate claims. The dispute involves the interpretation of two specific points in last summer's agreement: the assessment basis for the retirement fund and the scope of vacation pay. In both instances, the union has a case which merits examination.

Three Problems for Peacemakers

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE opening of the United Nations Assembly in its improvised quarters at Flushing Meadows was marked by a cordiality that seemed more than merely formal. Part of the credit for this should go to President Truman, whose friendly speech of welcome and warning was in encouraging contrast to the complacent remarks broadcast by Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Vandenberg on their return from the Paris conference a few days earlier. Mr. Truman made an urgent plea for a prompt settlement of the critical issues before the Assembly, insisting that the peoples of the world, exhausted by war and still oppressed by fear, would not be patient with delays and unnecessary wrangling. He acknowledged the existence of sharp differences among the Allied powers but emphasized the dangers in a division into geographical or ideological blocs, pointing out that the Council should be used "as a means for promoting settlement of disputes as well as for airing them" and that "the exercise of neither veto rights nor majority rights can make peace secure." In short, he asked for agreement.

If the temper displayed by the President were to dominate the meetings, we might hope that the Assembly would serve as an example to the Big Four and the Council, both of which will begin deliberations next week. Unfortunately, Mr. Truman's address was not the only keynote struck as the Assembly opened. In Brighton Mr. Attlee made a speech to the British Trades Union Congress, bristling with harsh comments on Soviet and Communist tactics and attitudes, which was surely as ill-conceived and ill-timed a bit of oratory as Mr. Churchill could have produced. Happily, its effect was dramatically altered next day when the T. U. C., by a four-to-one vote, repudiated the government's policy on Spain in a resolution calling for the severance of all economic and diplomatic relations with Franco; while a broad resolution criticizing the Attlee-Bevin foreign policy as a whole was defeated by only a three-to-two margin. Frederick Kuh, writing in *PM*, reported that the vote "was a shock to Bevin and his Cabinet colleagues," who did not expect "approximately 40 per cent of Britain's organized workers to express publicly their grave concern at the government's role in foreign affairs."

The Nation *is happy to announce that, beginning next week, Vera Micheles Dean, Research Director of the Foreign Policy Association, will write a weekly eye-witness story of the proceedings of the United Nations General Assembly.*

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Mr. Bevin, Kuh said, would arrive in New York for the U. N. meetings "with his position in Britain seriously weakened."

Perhaps the action of the T. U. C. will speak louder than Mr. Attlee's words. It is hard to believe that the Bevin policy, so closely linked with that of Mr. Byrnes, will continue unchanged in the face of such formidable opposition in the labor movement of Great Britain—which forms, after all, the government's chief constituency. In any case, a test will soon come on the Spanish issue, raised by Trygve Lie in his outspoken report to the Assembly.

SPAIN

Mr. Lie's bold demand that the United Nations formulate a plan to help the "reestablishment of a democratic regime in Spain" went far beyond what is customary in an official report. Since the question of Spain is still technically on the agenda of the Council, the Assembly may discuss it but not make any recommendation to the Council. But Mr. Lie's move was not a casual or irresponsible one. The issue is stalemated in the Council and might stay there indefinitely unless the Assembly showed clearly its concern and desire for action. Mr. Lie's other obvious purpose was to indicate that the Assembly could give "comprehensive guidance" to the agencies and members of the U. N. in their relationship with the Franco regime: a clear recommendation that the Assembly put a stop to the vacillating policy of various agencies, including the World Court, regarding Franco Spain.

Whether the Council will relinquish the Spanish issue to the Assembly no one can yet say. The chief opposition has come from the Russians, who want to keep important matters in the hands of the Council, and who also suspect with good reason that the Assembly, under British-American pressure, might kill the issue or vote a watered-down resolution that could only strengthen Franco. It will take clear evidence that the Assembly really means business to induce the anti-Franco members of the Council to agree to drop Spain from the agenda. One can safely predict that some days will pass before things have crystallized and next moves have been decided upon; it may even be that the interested powers will deliberately delay action until after the American and French elections on November 5 and 10.

Meanwhile, Franco's representatives here and in Spain show signs of great perturbation. The hysterical statement put out by the embassy in Washington was without diplomatic precedent. For the official representative of this fascist state to charge the Secretary General of the United Nations with secret plotting and "unwarranted aggression" is an act of impudence which is certain to bring a sharp reaction against his government. But is easy to understand the annoyance of Franco's friends. After the Council fiasco of last June they were justifiably unprepared for the vigorous irruption of the Spanish issue in the Assembly.

SOUTH AFRICA

But Spain is not the only controversy to invade the meetings at Flushing. The first battle in the General Committee occurred when Field Marshal Smuts asked to have India's complaint against South Africa removed from the agenda. It is easy to understand why the veteran South African leader wishes to block an airing of the long-standing grievances of Indian residents of South Africa, which culminated last summer in the passage of an act designed to segregate them in restricted areas. Public defense of such legislation will no doubt be embarrassing to Marshal Smuts, who would rather orate about liberty and justice as abstract ideals than discuss their application in his own bailiwick. What is worse, from his point of view, is that the sordid facts about South African racial policies, which any debate must reveal; are not likely to forward South Africa's desire to incorporate within its Union the mandated territory of Southwest Africa.

In the General Committee, Smuts argued that the Indian question should be taken off the agenda because Article 2, paragraph 7 of the Charter forbids interference by the U. N. in matters "essentially within the jurisdiction of a state." But the Charter also stresses the pledge of members to respect human rights and freedoms "without distinction as to race, sex, language, or religion." And if that is not enough to permit the U. N. to investigate alleged violations of civil rights within a state, the Indian government also charges specific violations of treaties in which governments now incorporated within the Union of South Africa pledged full citizenship rights to Indians brought in to work in the sugar plantations. Finally, the dispute is of such a character as to "impair friendly relations among nations," for it has already led to a termination by India of trade relations with South Africa. This fact alone, it seems to us, compels the Assembly to debate the question and recommend action to the Security Council.

VETO

The other important issue precipitated in the Assembly was the perennial, all-but-insoluble issue of the veto. But, curiously, the controversy over this disputed item seems for the moment to have lost most of its acrimony. After some initial resistance Vishinsky withdrew his objection to an Assembly debate and by so doing joined his colleagues in the Council in a position which allows the smaller powers to air their various criticisms while at the same time safeguarding big-power control and the veto.

This does not mean that debate will be worthless. The veto may be, as the London *Times* says, "the inevitable corollary of a voting system on major issues in interna-

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tional affairs," but it has not accelerated action or produced unanimity. The trouble is, no practical alternative has so far been proposed, for the substitution of a simple majority rule is unthinkable in present circumstances. The best one can hope for is a more serious effort, or possibly an agreement, on the part of the big powers, to exercise restraint and adopt practices which will tend to bring about decisions without the necessity of a showdown. Such a change implies more private negotiation and less public demonstration. Open covenants arrived at with a certain degree of secrecy seem to offer the best present chance of agreement among the nations.

In any case, we can take it for granted that the veto will remain in force for the time being, no matter what the Assembly may say or do. One would almost think that Russia's delegates might for once lean back in their seats and let their Western allies do the talking, for this time at least they will not be left alone.

The Voters' Turn

ACCORDING to Senator Claude Pepper, the greatest danger to the Democratic Party in next week's election is "the sense of defeatism which the opposition has been able to instil in certain quarters through one of the shrewdest propaganda campaigns ever employed in American politics." The defeatism is there, all right, and if it is purely the synthetic product of Republican strategists, then they have indeed been shrewd beyond all expectations. But this analysis seems to us to credit them with far more ability than they have actually displayed and to blame the Democrats too little for the incompetence, timidity, and lack of imagination that have marked their own campaign.

On the basis of the reports we have printed in the survey of Pre-Election U. S. A., completed in this issue, we are admittedly none too hopeful, but it is not so much the prospective results that concern us as the depressingly low level on which the battle has been fought. In the year in which the peace, if any, is to be framed, practically no candidate has bothered to discuss foreign policy—unless hit-and-run jabs at Russia come under that heading. In this year of transition from war to peace, no candidate has seriously faced the intricate problems of inflation, of labor-management relations, or of how to prevent the most disastrous economic crash in our history. The Republicans have been too busy proving that their opponents are directed from Moscow and exploiting a hunger for meat among the best-fed electorate in the world. The Democrats have spent their energies denying a communism they had never embraced and badgering the Administration into scrapping controls for the sake of votes. In a world charged with atomic energy, a national campaign has been fought in the shadow of a meatball.

If the campaign has been craven and uninspired, it does not follow that the results will be unimportant. On at least three counts they will be as far-reaching as any in the country's history. First, a victory for the G. O. P. will be interpreted, by Democrats as well as by Republicans, as a popular mandate to scrap most of the New Deal. Second, a Republican Congress—or even a Republican House and a Democratic Senate—will mean a stalemated government for two years, during which the voice of the United States will be all but meaningless in the council of nations. Third, a number of key committee chairmanships will fall to reactionaries like Taft, Bridges, Taber and Knutson. And fourth, the way will be cleared, organizationally and psychologically, for a Republican Administration in 1948. The fate of liberal Republicans during the past year should leave no illusions as to what that development would mean. The purging of Charles La Follette, Robert La Follette, Joseph Clark Baldwin, and other liberal Republicans (plus the shocking campaigning of Wayne Morse, which Richard Neuberger touches on elsewhere in this issue) underscores the difference that exists between the two major parties—even if the Democrats have not covered themselves with glory in the campaign.

For the most part, we have concentrated our attention in these pages on those states that have the largest number of doubtful Congressional seats—Connecticut, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Ohio, California, and New York. There are numerous other contests of importance which we were unable to treat in such detail. Besides the election of senatorial nominees Tone, Guffey, Huffman, Rogers, and Lehman in the states named (Illinois has no senatorial contest this year), we hope for the return of Kilgore (West Virginia), Tunnell (Delaware), Briggs (Missouri), Murdock (Utah), Mitchell (Washington) and O'Mahoney (Wyoming) to the Senate and the election to that body of Erickson (Montana), Donart (Idaho), McMurray (Wisconsin), McGrath (Rhode Island), and Brunner (New Jersey). In addition to the liberal candidates for the House that have been discussed at some length in these pages, we want to put in a last-minute word for such consistent New Dealers as Traynor of Delaware, Hook of Michigan, Celler of New York, Murphy and Kelley of Pennsylvania, Forand of Rhode Island, Savage of Washington, and Biemiller of Wisconsin.

Like everyone else, we are unable to account for the remarkably high registration reported from industrial centers in all parts of the country. Since we will know within a week whether it represents a "resentment vote" or the tireless energy of such organizations as the P. A. C. and the League of Women Voters, there is no point in further speculation. But there is no question that it is democratically desirable to have that registration on the books. Whatever its inspiration, we hope it will be used to the limit. Now that the campaign orators are finished, it will be a relief to hear from the voters.

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When the Birds Come Home to Roost

BY TRIS COFFIN

Washington, October 24

AS IF the fevers of the political campaign, defeatism over foreign policy, and soaring prices were not enough trouble for us all, top government economists have added a new disquieting item. They say that the accumulated facts point to an economic recession next spring or summer.

Both Democratic and Republican campaign orators have brushed aside this new problem. No one in Washington or outside has suggested what might be done to brace the country against the coming shock. The prospect is made darker by the possibility that the Republicans will gain control of the House. Any remedial legislation offered by the Administration would then have to run the gauntlet of such old-line conservatives as Representatives Taber, Wolcott, and Knutson, who in the event of a G. O. P. victory would control the powerful Appropriations, the Banking and Currency, and the Ways and Means Committee.

The professional economists of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, the Department of Commerce, and the OPA expect a few more months of inflation before the decline. They say, "We are just going into the last high wave now." They forecast rising food prices till late winter (according to the Department of Agriculture) or till summer (according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics) and then a downward trend. Clothing costs, they believe, will move up during the winter, but manufacturers and merchants will be forced to restore the moderate-price lines; higher-priced clothing is not selling well. They foresee general rent increases. The break in prices, they agree, will come in early or late spring.

There is disagreement on how severe the recession will be. The more optimistic economists regard it as a steadying economic factor which will bring a normal adjustment of prices. Others fear that many small businesses, retail, wholesale, and manufacturing, will be wiped out.

The OPA frankly admits that for some weeks prices will continue to go up. Paul Porter has said it will be impossible to "quarantine one segment of the economy against rising prices." By the end of the year, the OPA estimates, only 40 per cent of cost-of-living items will remain under control. Among them will be furniture, clothing, automobiles, building materials, metals, and rents. Increases will be granted in these fields.

Wage controls will be dropped, except in isolated cases. The Wage Stabilization Board, if it remains, will have only representatives of the public as members, and will arbitrate, not fix wages.

The economists mark the stages of inflation by the time when Congress virtuously removed excess-profits taxes; when John Snyder, then Reconversion Director, overruled Chester Bowles and granted steel a price increase of $4 a ton; when Congress allowed the two-month price holiday in July and August; and when holes were torn in the OPA bill finally signed by the President. Now they report a weakening of the four factors that entered into the inflationary pressure—namely, supply running far behind demand, production bottlenecks and low inventories, record high take-home wages, and record savings.

The Department of Commerce experts on inventories say that the period of bare shelves is coming to a close. Industry is beginning to accelerate production. Take-home pay has dropped alarmingly. Savings are being dissipated. A Federal Reserve Board study of liquid assets reveals that savings are unevenly distributed. People in the highest income bracket, who make up 3 per cent of the spending units of the nation, hold 23 per cent of the aggregate liquid assets. Those in the lowest income bracket, 20 per cent of the spending units, hold only 7 per cent of the assets.

One of the most important causes of the expected decline in prices is a psychological one—consumer resistance. Economists who keep in close touch with the merchandising picture report that consumers will refuse to buy high-priced or shoddy goods once goods return to the shelves in abundant supply. A story is told about a large Chicago department store which was unable to sell household appliances. A merchandising consultant was called in. He advised, "Take all but two off the counter, and you'll sell." He was right. Customers are looking over the goods that are not scarce, asking prices, comparing them, and in many cases walking out. The economists predict that many small businesses which jumped in and got goods on the market in a hurry will be wiped out in the recession, together with the inexperienced merchants who took whatever they could get and now have their storerooms filled with products that are not going to move. Even with respect to food prices some cautious optimism is expressed. One official put it this way, "I could sure eat a $3 steak today, and perhaps tomorrow, but by the next day I think my appetite wouldn't be so insistent. I should say that the butcher is going to sell a lot more stew meat than steaks." The Bureau of Agricultural Economics believes that meat prices will be back

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to summer levels—though these were not low—by mid-winter.

There is one big *if* in all the predictions about prices dropping—*if* there is not another round of wage increases after strikes paralyzing basic production. John L. Lewis is threatening to start the process. He has issued another one of his thundering ultimatums to the government as operator of the coal mines. Unless the government agrees to reopen the contract and discuss wages, there will be a coal strike on November 1. A coal strike would shut down steel mills, which are still far behind on orders, and manufacturing plants all over the country. Apparently John Lewis does not give a hoot about the effect on the nation's economy. He would launch his attack at a most critical moment for the Administration; a coal strike on the eve of the elections would raise the deuce with the Democrats. Since Congress is not in session, no immediate threat of anti-labor legislation hangs over his head as it did last spring. If Lewis succeeds in getting a wage increase, other unions will be forced by rank-and-file sentiment to press for similar raises.

And if there is another round of wage increases, the price spiral will go higher, and the collapse will be that much worse.

Pre-Election U. S. A.

BY ROBERT BENDINER

V. Pennsylvania Portents

Pittsburgh, October 21

SUCH comfort as can be found among the Democratic leaders of this second most populous state of the Union rests on a dubious political axiom which a veteran of the Harrisburg legislature passed along to me. "We Democrats," he confided, "never figure to win on our own brains, but on Republican stupidity."

If the formula were not far too simple, Democratic prospects here would be excellent, because the Grand Old Party in Pennsylvania is outdoing itself this year. At the very start of the campaign Ira T. Fiss, Republican Speaker of the House, thought it a good idea to expose the national origins of one of the opposition's nominees. "Why, their candidate for Lieutenant Governor," he said, "is a full-blooded Italian. He spells his name D-e-n-t. How many t's there are after that, I don't know." Later, by way of a forced apology, Speaker Fiss explained merely that "little things like that slip out." Another Republican extolled his party's choice for Governor on the ground that he was a Protestant. And in Philadelphia, Republican Boss Joe Pew needlessly stirred up the old Roosevelt following by referring to the late President as a "Pied Piper" a few of whose "political rats" were still on the loose and in need of extermination.

These are only a few of the oratorical gems that have studded a campaign in which foreign relations, atomic controls, and a peace-time economy have been blandly ignored so that justice might be done to the more pressing issues of godliness and the threat of a Soviet Pennsylvania. Republican Governor Edward Martin is appealing for Joseph F. Guffey's seat in the Senate with the twofold thesis that Democrats are merely fronts for communism and that God is on the side of the Republicans. His party's state chairman announced at one stage of the campaign that William Z. Foster was about to be brought into Pennsylvania to stump for the Democratic ticket; whereupon the Democratic strategists dredged up the fact that the Communists had supported the Republican nominee against William C. Bullitt in the Philadelphia mayoralty campaign three years ago. They also charged, for good measure, that the Republicans had made a deal with the Communists to bestow the "kiss of death" on the Democratic Party.

"No matter what they say about one another," sagely editorialized the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, "we can't believe the Democratic or Republican candidates in Pennsylvania are Communists. . . . And we won't believe that they are statesmen either until they lift the campaign from its present depths. . . ."

In this murky atmosphere it is the Republicans that stand to gain, their own stupidity notwithstanding. The state is traditionally one of the most Republican in the country, and in the absence of clearly defined and rousing issues—not to mention the absence of leadership on the Democratic side—it threatens to slump back into the torpid condition which for decades made its politics the private preserve of such eminent statesmen as Boies Penrose, Andy Mellon, and Boss Vare.

His most ardent supporters privately concede that Senator Guffey has only an outside chance to be reelected. "He is up against one of the best campaigners in the country," one of his supporters admitted to me, "with unlimited funds and a well-organized state machine. That is a combination almost impossible to beat." It is no reflection on Guffey, whose New Deal views go back to the days of Wilson, to concede that it was Roosevelt who carried him into office, no other Democrat having represented Pennsylvania in the Senate since 1875. It is just as true that while Guffey has gone down the line for the Administration, he has, as master of the state's patronage,

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made many enemies within the party. At the end of Governor Earle's term of office a savage intra-party fight broke out over the succession, and while a peace was eventually effected, the scars remain, with parallel Democratic organizations existing in some districts and patronage used for factional purposes. The coolness of some of Guffey's old opponents was an insignificant factor while Roosevelt was around to impose unity, but now the old hostility is emerging again. Most of it is private and beneath the surface, but there is also an organization of "Anti-Guffey Democrats."

Joseph F. Guffey

Governor Martin has, besides the advantages already cited, more platform appeal and, almost as a matter of course, a vastly better press. Guffey suffers, in fact, from an unusually rough treatment in the papers, derived in part of course from their political character but in no small measure also from his inability to handle reporters. Martin is much smoother—and more deceptive. An ardent upholder of "free enterprise" who doesn't believe the world has moved an inch since McKinley was shot, he has a talent for wrapping up his politics in moralistic packaging. He is opposed to such devices as the FEPC, he will tell you, because good-will must come from the heart and not from a statute.

Martin, too, has his intra-party troubles. These culminated during the campaign in the bolt of John Shroyer, former Secretary of Highways and Martin's rival for the nomination. Shroyer, who is State Commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, jolted the G. O. P. a month ago when he chose a twenty-three-station radio hookup to lash out at the Martin administration. Counts in his indictment of his own party included the bungling of a veterans' program, which "has been a miserable failure and is now a sorry mess," the killing of an FEPC bill, graft, and control by men who resort to "the easy prescription of 'leave it to the federal government' and then damn the federal government for spending money."

Telling points, all of them, but it would take more than one such episode to give confidence to the Democrats of Pennsylvania on the eve of this election. Generally speaking, I found them hoping rather than hopeful, with nervousness particularly marked in the Philadelphia area. The farm districts in the east and central parts of the state are almost incurably Republican, while the mining and industrial counties here in the southwest are for the most part certain to remain Democratic.

Philadelphia is the crucial spot that will determine the outcome of the Guffey-Martin race. It will also determine whether Pennsylvania's next Governor is to be Colonel John S. Rice—a capable though colorless liberal who went down the line for Earle's New Deal measures—or Attorney General James H. Duff, who is as independent as a man can be with the backing of the Pew-Grundy machine, which is to say, as independent as a trusty in a progressive prison.

Philadelphia gave Roosevelt a plurality of 210,000 in 1936, a margin that fell to 150,000 in 1944. The best the Democrats hope for now is to take the city by 50,000. They figure that this will be enough to allow Guffey and Rice to squeeze through in view of the normal Democratic returns in the Pittsburgh and Scranton areas. Less partial observers are not inclined to believe that the Democrats will get even that much of a lead.

Registration in the city, as in most industrial centers, is abnormally high, but entirely unpredictable. On the surface it favors the Republicans, but Philadelphia has had local Republican government for fifty-three years, and its thousands of firemen, policemen, street-cleaners, and municipal clerks register Republican as a matter of safe practice and then vote as they wish. It is expected of them, and the same goes for employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the banks, and scores of large corporations. On the other hand, the Democrats are not counting too hopefully on a switch to pull them out of a bad spot.

No other city in the country offers so magnificent a target for Congressional gains as Philadelphia presents to the G. O. P. This traditional Republican city has a solid delegation of six Democratic Representatives, an undreamed of phenomenon in pre-Roosevelt days. No one of these seats is now beyond Republican reach, though two of them appear to be reasonably safe. Local Democratic officials privately concede two and consider two others doubtful. The Republicans are more or less counting on adding four to their bag, and it is most unlikely that they will get fewer than three. Philadelphia liberals hope that among those who weather the gale will be young William Green, Jr., of the Fifth Congressional District. One of the thirteen men in the House to oppose the Truman labor-draft bill, Green put in as active a first term as any freshman Representative on record. With a solid background of k. p. at Camp Lee, he was in no mood for demagoguery in the Veterans' Committee and made himself a painfully sharp thorn in the flesh of Chairman John Rankin.

Four silk-stocking districts on the outskirts of the city are worth watching because of a band of crusading New Dealers who are campaigning with a zeal that recalls the high old days of 1934 and 1936. Vernon O'Rourke,

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Henry Chapin, Edgar Campbell, and William L. Batt, Jr., make up the gallant quartet, and I predict that they will all be heard from in the future, even though only O'Rourke is thought to have much of a chance this year.

In the Eleventh District, centering around Wilkes-Barre, Representative Daniel Flood will need more than his good voting record to get by, but there is a chance that the Democrats will pick up a seat here in Pittsburgh. Unless there is a Republican landslide, Eberharter and Buchanan, Democrats, will certainly be returned from this city, and, in addition, the Twenty-ninth District may well be swung away from the G. O. P. This district went Republican by only a thousand votes two years ago, and the race this time is between Democrat Harry L. Davenport, a liberal business man and secretary of the local Chamber of Commerce, and John McDowell, a small publisher with a reputation for racial prejudice that will not help him in an area with a sizable Jewish population.

The long-drawn-out power strike here will probably not affect the outcome in the Congressional races, but it has unquestionably harmed the Democratic state ticket as a whole. In a campaign that is weak enough in any case it has removed from action one of the party's shrewdest campaigners—Pittsburgh's Mayor David Lawrence. The semi-paralysis of the city for a month will inevitably reduce the expected Democratic margin here, throwing an additional burden on the party in Philadelphia. And that staggering organization seems to me hardly fit to carry the load of another ounce, even though I don't share the despairing view, to be heard in surprising quarters, that "when Franklin D. Roosevelt died, the Democratic Party in Philadelphia died with him."

VI. Retrogression in Ohio

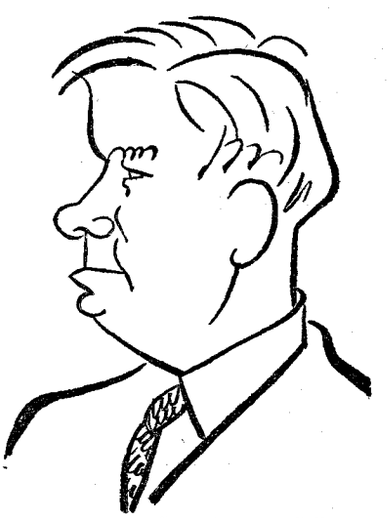
Columbus, October 24

AT a private luncheon with friends here a few weeks ago, "Honest John" Bricker made a remark that has been widely repeated throughout the state—and rightly so, for it reveals magnificently the mind of Ohio's Republican nominee for the Senate. "I hear," said Mr. Bricker, with serious concern, "that the Socialists have gotten to Bob Taft." When an anachronism like Taft can be considered touched with the Marxian virus, it is no wonder that Jim Huffman, Bricker's mild opponent in the Senate fight, can be palmed off as a Communist and the P. A. C. held to be all but synonymous with the N. K. V. D. That is the level of Bricker's intellect, and the level of the campaign in this state.

In several respects the Ohio campaign is even more dismal than Pennsylvania. In the first place, Bricker has less intelligence and less personality than Martin, and he adds an extremism that is not common among seriously considered Presidential aspirants. Running for the Vice-Presidency in 1944, he announced that he would accept the votes of Gerald L. K. Smith and his followers as being as good as any other votes, and he barely had the grace to reject a proffered place on the ticket of Smith's own lunatic party. If he could, he would scrap every last vestige of those government controls that mark boundaries for private enterprise and would otherwise fulfil the fading dreams of such good friends of his as E. T. Weir, of National Steel. Typical of the Bricker mentality was his announcement last week that "definite proof has now come from Moscow that the campaign of the C. I. O. Political Action Committee in this country is being directed from Communist Russia." The proof? An unidentified Russian commentator said that "the election of a Republican Congress would be a national disaster."

What makes the campaign peculiarly depressing, aside from Mr. Bricker, is the absence of any vigor in the opposition. Huffman is a pleasant and able man, with a good voting record in the short time he served in the Senate, but he is not pressing the fight home. His chief campaign issue is Bricker's "absenteeism" from the Governor's desk during the months he campaigned for the Vice-Presidency in 1944.

Huffman's weakness would be less serious if there were anyone else on the ticket to rally the Democratic forces. But the reverse is the case. Governor Frank Lausche, once a bright hope of Ohio Democrats, has followed so peculiar a political line that he has dissipated an enormous reserve of popularity and may well lose the governorship to a nonentity. Apparently fancying himself a kind of LaGuardia, Lausche has adopted an "independence" that takes the form of ostentatiously snubbing his best friends and supporters. To demonstrate that he has no tie to labor, which was largely instrumental in sending him to Columbus four years ago, he has leaned over backward so far that the P. A. C. has refused to indorse him for reelection. P. A. C. leaders hope, nevertheless—and obviously expect—that labor will vote for him rather than for Thomas J. Herbert, "an echo of the Taft-Bricker-National Association of Manufacturers machine," whose election would be a "major tragedy."



Caricature by Seligson
John Bricker

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Lausche's attitude has produced uneasiness within the Democratic Party as well as in labor circles. Having declared himself a "free man" on accepting the nomination, he conducts his campaign from separate headquarters and has been making his chief appeal to rural audiences on the county-fair circuit, taking the industrial centers for granted—perhaps too much for granted. Recent statewide polls show his popularity in the big cities dwindling rapidly, but he is still a slight favorite to win. Seventeen out of the eighty-eight counties in the state were enough to elect him last time, and he is counting on them to repeat.

These same polls show Bricker far ahead, and I met no one who would have put a dollar on Huffman's chances. It is not too much to say, in fact, that the Democratic Party in the state is close to demoralization. The only really vigorous effort to contest a Republican walkover is being made by the P. A. C., which amounts to more here than in states with brighter prospects. From its handsome new offices in this capital comes some of the most effective election propaganda that I have seen anywhere. The organization has been extremely vigorous in all the industrial centers of the state with the exception of Cincinnati, which ironically is Jack Kroll's home town as well as Senator Taft's. The two largest industries of that city—Procter and Gamble and the Cincinnati Milling Machine Corporation—are not even organized, thanks to paternalistic labor policies, and the town itself is characterized by one of its liberal citizens as "an old men's home with a nice low tax rate."

The Democrats hold six Congressional seats in Ohio, and they will have to fight hard to hold more than half of them. The doubtful three are now filled by Walter B. Huber (Akron), Edward J. Gardner (Hamilton), and William R. Thom (Canton). Two Democratic seats in Cleveland and one in Youngstown are safe unless there is a G. O. P. landslide, and a few optimistic Democratic leaders talk of capturing those now held by P. W. Griffiths (Marietta) and Homer A. Ramey (Toledo). As matters stand two weeks before the vote, the Democrats will be well off to retain Lausche in the Governor's Mansion and to salvage half their Congressional delegation, not counting Senator Huffman.

Whatever the outcome, the P. A. C., in this state at least, can feel that it has accomplished something. Thousands of rank-and-file unionists to whom politics not so long ago were a complete blank now have a real feel for the mechanics of the business—telephone brigades, registration lists, transportation to the polls, watchers, and the rest of the apparatus that once was the exclusive domain of professional ward-heelers. It will all come in handy again. As one Ohio liberal remarked, "We are conserving our strength for 1948; we are realistic about 1946."

The California Derby

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

Los Angeles, October 20

FEW election campaigns in California have been so confused as the curious political contest that has been going on here since the June primaries. The Democrats have been floundering around like chickens with their heads cut off; indeed, since Governor Warren captured both party nominations in the primaries, the ticket has actually been without a head. With no gubernatorial candidate and missing the unifying influence of Franklin Roosevelt, the Democratic nominees are conducting free-lance guerrilla campaigns, making whatever personal alliances seem expedient, being very inaudible about the national administration, and avoiding other Democratic nominees as much as possible.

The Republicans, faced with a heavy Democratic registration, are sedulously imitating Governor Warren's successful "non-partisan" pose. Seeking to trick the large Democratic majority, they are masquerading as liberals, whereas the Democrats, sensing a swing to the right, are stressing their conservatism and respectability. With party lines not being emphasized by either side, scarcely existing in fact, it is difficult to forecast the results.

Ever since a system of cross-filing was introduced in 1913, party regularity has declined in importance as a factor in California politics. On June 5 California elected not only a Governor at the primaries but also a Secretary of State, a Controller, a Treasurer, the four members of the Board of Equalization, twelve of the state's twenty-three Representatives in Congress, fifteen of the twenty state Senators, and sixty of the eighty members of the Assembly. The effect of cross-filing blurs party lines in California more than in any of the other states where it is permitted—Maine, Massachusetts, New York, and Vermont—because of the heavy newcomer vote, which has been a major factor in every election since 1920.

For United States Senator present odds favor Will Rogers, Jr., the Democratic nominee. In the primaries Senator William Knowland received 740,849 votes (514,667 Republican, 226,182 Democratic), and Rogers 705,070 (501,634 Democratic, 203,436 Republican),

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Ellis E. Patterson, who contested the Democratic nomination with Rogers, received 362,963 votes (76,151 Republican, 286,812 Democratic). Assuming that there will be no sharp shift from the primary vote, Rogers should be able to overcome his 40,000 deficit by capturing most of the Patterson votes. He should also get a sizable share of the 177,377 "decline-to-state" registrations. Knowland is not a popular figure in California, and the efforts of the Republicans to "humanize" him, in the manner of Governor Warren's face-lifting operation of 1942, have not been successful. Rogers is a clever politician and an excellent campaigner, with an attractive platform and radio manner. On domestic issues he has taken a consistently progressive position, but he has had little to say on foreign policy other than to favor a vague "middle-of-the-road" line. Quite outspoken about Palestine, an issue close to his heart, he has also characterized the regimes in Spain and Argentina as dangerously totalitarian. Although Rogers has annoyed some liberals by his unblushing opportunism, it must be recognized that he is waging a vigorous uphill fight. He should win.

Caricature by Seligson

Governor Warren

With respect to the two high state offices—those of Lieutenant Governor and Attorney General—the situation is extremely complicated. Since Governor Warren is a likely Republican nominee for either the Presidency or the Vice-Presidency in 1948, the Lieutenant Governorship has assumed exceptional importance. The Republican nominee is Judge Goodwin Knight of Los Angeles, who shares the ideological convictions of John Bricker. The Democratic nominee is State Senator John Shelley of San Francisco, a likable, popular man, long prominent in the American Federation of Labor. He had a good progressive record in the legislature, but he has been conducting a curious campaign, uttering warm praise for Governor Warren and a certain amount of double-talk about the major issues. Shelley should win, however, and for the same reason that Rogers may be expected to—because he has the support of the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. In the race for the Attorney Generalship, the Democrats have an excellent candidate in Edmund G. Brown, the district attorney of San Francisco, but the Republican nominee, Fred N. Howser, district attorney of Los Angeles, has the advantage of an indorsement by the A. F. of L. The most unlikely successor to Robert W. Kenny that could be imagined, Howser has backing from doubtful elements and lavish financial support.

In the Congressional contests reports from northern California are somewhat confused, and I shall refrain from commenting on them. In southern California such outstanding liberal Representatives as George Outland, Helen Gahagan Douglas, Clyde Doyle, and Ned Healy seem assured of reelection. (Chet Holifield and Cecil King, both progressives, were reelected at the primaries.) In the Twentieth District the Democratic nominee, Everett G. Burkhalter, has a good chance to defeat Carl Hinshaw, one of the most reactionary Republicans in Congress. The Representatives who face the toughest fights are E. V. Izac in the Twenty-third District (San Diego) and Jerry Voorhis in the Twelfth.

In the Sixteenth District Emmet G. Lavery, the liberal candidate, was defeated in the Democratic primary by Harold Harby. Liberal elements in the district then decided to conduct a write-in campaign for Ellis E. Patterson, the incumbent. As a result, support for liberal Assembly candidates in the district and also for Rogers, Shelley, and Brown has been weakened. Naturally the conservative Democrats have resented the effort to run an independent candidate against the Democratic nominee. Because of this split, the likely winner in the Sixteenth District is Donald L. Jackson, Republican.

Perhaps the most significant development in California politics this year has been the remarkable growth of liberal sentiment in the San Joaquin Valley. In the primaries John G. Terry, a school teacher, came within a few hundred votes of defeating Alfred J. Elliot in the Tenth District. Without newspaper support and with only a meager campaign fund, Terry conducted an exciting campaign. Had it not been for a "pastoral letter" urging his defeat which was read in the Catholic churches, he would certainly have won. In the other San Joaquin district, the Ninth, Dr. Hubert Phillips of Fresno State College is putting up a magnificent fight against Representative Bertrand W. ("Bud") Gearhart and has a slight—but only a slight—chance to win. For the information of Mr. Ickes, who recently indorsed Gearhart, it should be said that Dr. Phillips is one of the outstanding progressives of the state, with a long record of consistent liberalism.

Some of the Democratic candidates viewed the recent visit of Henry Wallace with very meager enthusiasm. Most of the southern California Congressional nominees welcomed it, but one of these, Jerry Voorhis, let it be known that he wished Mr. Wallace would tend to his duties as editor of the *New Republic*. It was obvious that Messrs. Rogers, Shelley, and Brown shared this view. Pro-Wallace sentiment is apparently strong in Los Angeles and San Diego counties, relatively weak in the rest of the state.

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A few comments, in the nature of postscripts, should be added to complete this report. The A. F. of L., with handsome billboards advocating the election of Warren (Republican), Shelley (Democrat), Howser (Republican), and Rogers (Democrat), is the likely winner of the November election in California. Of the state initiative proposals, Number 11—to establish a state FEPC—has aroused most interest. In the last few weeks big-business groups have used the radio and billboards to denounce the FEPC as a C. I. O.-P. A. C. measure. Actually the proposal has the widest possible church and civic support. The campaign to put it over, however, has lacked imagination and boldness. If the measure wins, it will be a minor miracle. Finally, I can report that Colonel James Roosevelt, despite some serious initial blunders, is doing a good job as state chairman of the Democratic Party. Some of the bitterness of the primary fight seems to have disappeared.

The Pacific Northwest

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Portland, Ore., October 24

FEW regional leaders of the Democratic Party doubt that a Republican will be elected President in 1948 if the Truman Administration continues its vacillating course. All hope of preserving the advances in conservation, reclamation, and public power made in the Pacific Northwest under President Roosevelt apparently depends on electing the Democratic candidates for the United States Senate in Washington, Idaho, and Montana.

In all three contests these Democratic candidates are known liberals; the Republicans are reactionaries. In Idaho, State Senator George Donart, Democrat, is pitted against Representative Henry C. Dworshak, who voted against extending the reciprocal trade agreement, against the British loan, against price control, against civilian control of atomic energy, and for the Case anti-strike bill. In Washington the thirty-nine-year-old Senator Hugh B. Mitchell carries the Democratic colors into the field against Colonel Harry P. Cain, demagogic mayor of Tacoma. Across the 800-mile width of Montana, Leif Erickson, forty-year-old conqueror of Burton K. Wheeler, is opposing a colorless Republican rancher named Zales N. Ecton. Mitchell, Donart, and Erickson all support public power and regional authorities patterned after the TVA. This is important in an area where swift mountain rivers hold captive half of America's hydroelectricity. Mitchell drafted the bill for a Columbia Valley Authority. Erickson is chairman of the committee for an authority for the Missouri. Utility money is flowing like a torrent to check their efforts. If these men win at the polls, the Northwest may be able to save its power program even with a Taft or Dewey in the White House.

What are the prospects? Erickson will probably be elected; after Wheeler's elimination the G. O. P. was left with only a second-stringer to finish the game. An eleventh-hour break could decide the Idaho race for either side. The Mitchell-Cain contest is in the lap of the gods; Seattle gamblers are wagering a timid $10 to $9 on Mitchell. In the final analysis, the size of the vote probably will be the determining factor. If the labor vote is at the polls on November 5 instead of at a movie or beer parlor, the liberals running on the Democratic ticket will win. Yet it may take oxen and wainropes to drag it there.

Because the state of Washington is the most populous, prosperous, and strategically located in the Pacific Northwest, its Senate seat is the great prize of the 1946 elections. The issue is as clear as spring water. Harry Cain, a former Young Democrat, gives away nylons to get women to his Republican rallies, where he delivers a say-nothing speech which might serve as a caricature of a typical political oration. Hugh Mitchell is often too honest for his own good. He was one of three Senators to vote against the so-called Petrillo bill, giving as his reason that it "seemed based on Petrillo's unpopularity and not on sound legislative principles." With practically no assistance Mitchell has brought the CVA from the region of dim hopes to the point where even the cautious Secretary of the Interior, Julius Krug, has indorsed it.

One of the anvils Mitchell must carry in his knapsack is the bitter rumpus in Seattle over the alleged communism of Representative Hugh De Lacy. Attacks on him are dismissed by De Lacy as "red-baiting," but many newspaper readers remember that he was the only delegate at the 1940 Democratic convention to rise from the floor and oppose the renomination of Roosevelt—he feared the President would plunge the nation into an "imperialist war." A lot of people know what this sort of talk meant, and though in the past the Seattle district has been good for Democratic majorities as high as 40,000, De Lacy will be lucky to win by 5,000 votes, if he wins at all. This will affect the whole ticket, and Mitchell needs a head start in Seattle to offset inevitable Republican majorities in the orchard valleys east of the Cascade Mountains.

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What will happen to Representative John Coffee of Tacoma, after the $2,500 check episode which hit the headlines late in the summer? Coffee is expected to win, despite the fact that his Republican opponent is trying to make him out a combination of Jesse James and Dick Turpin. I talked to many of Coffee's constituents, and they told me they thought he had been foolish rather than venal. He will hardly win by the decisive margins of the past, but his liberal voting record probably will carry him across a perilous passage in his political career.

Liberals of both parties in the Columbia Basin are heartsick over the apostasy of Senator Wayne Morse, who has spoken for both Cain and Dworshak. Inasmuch as Mitchell is indorsed by every trade union in the state of Washington and Cain has been charged with backing an anti-strike initiative measure in 1938, Morse's attitude seems to need explaining. After Morse predicted that California's anti-public-power Republican Senator Knowland would lick Will Rogers, Jr., "hands down," Glen Taylor, the senior Senator from Idaho, commented drily, "Mr. Morse was evidently under heavy pressure from the Republican National Committee. There are not enough thumbscrews in the world that the Democratic National Committee could apply to make me speak for Bilbo or Pappy O'Daniel because they are Democrats." Morse's closest friend, an attorney for the A. F. of L., insists he never would have spoken against Mitchell and Donart had he not been ill. But the Woodworkers, the largest C. I. O. union in the West, has announced that it has "written Morse off the books as a liberal."

The Alaska election, held early in October ahead of the big snows of the Yukon and Tanana valleys, has not cheered the Democrats. National interest was focused on the favorable vote for statehood, but more significant was the balloting for members of the territorial legislature. Not since 1930 have the Republicans packed even a featherweight punch in Alaska. The present territorial House of Representatives has twenty Democrats and four Republicans. On October 8 the people of Alaska spun the wheel around. They elected fourteen Republicans and ten Democrats.

Four times the Northwest gave majorities to F. D. R. matched nowhere else outside the South. Driving through the region these last weeks of the campaign, I have tried to find out why the Democrats have slipped so badly. After all, the Democratic Party authorized construction of the huge dams at Grand Coulee and Bonneville, which brought large-scale industry to the Northwest. People are reasonably prosperous. There may be a scarcity of tenderloin steaks, but no one is hungry. Why, then, are the candidates of the Democrats in danger? Why will it be difficult to get out the whopping vote essential to Democratic success?

The answer, I think, lies in the lack of fire and courage in the national Administration. People are indignant over high prices, shortages, and the lack of low-cost housing for war veterans, but the President has been unable to dramatize the Machiavellian role played by the Republicans and Southern Democrats in bringing about this situation. I have yet to meet one voter favorably impressed by Truman's lifting of meat controls. Business men scold him for waiting so long. Housewives whose husbands earn $200 a month ask how they can pay nearly a day's wages for a pot roast.

The Republicans, incredible as it may seem, are citing 55-cent bacon-and-egg breakfasts just across the border in British Columbia as argument for a political change. "Had enough?" they ask, pointing out that roasting chickens are 30 cents a pound in Vancouver and that the excellent dinner at the exclusive Empress Hotel in Victoria costs only $1.65. Of course, they neglect to say that Canada has price controls which would make the average American business man think he was manacled hand and foot.

Caricature by Seligson
Hugh Mitchell

Democratic finances simply don't exist. The party in Oregon lacked the $300 to buy a message in the official "Voters' Pamphlet." Hugh Mitchell has about half as much radio time as Harry Cain. A battered sound truck driven by Glen Taylor and his wife is the principal Democratic weapon in Idaho. Many New Deal appointees, once generous campaign contributors, now keep their wallets in their pockets.

Another albatross about Democratic necks is Mr. Truman's apparent indifference to local issues. People here are more concerned about water for irrigating their crops than about world-shaking issues on the other side of the globe. On the eve of every election Roosevelt always had something to say about developing the vast resources of the Columbia River. Truman has not indicated that he is any more aware of the Columbia than of the Orinoco. The voters of the Northwest had become accustomed to a Democratic Administration which advocated public power, demanded forestry conservation, and strove to end discriminatory freight rates and other monopolistic practices holding back the region's development. All this seemed to end with the death of President Roosevelt.

"The country don't need two Republican parties," I was told by a Northern Pacific brakeman, coupling freight cars on a siding above the irrigation canal at Yakima.

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Illinois: McCormick and Kelly

BY MILBURN P. AKERS

Chicago, October 25

ILLINOIS elects twenty-six members of the national House of Representatives on November 5. Only the delegations from New York and Pennsylvania exceed that number. So Illinois, politically apathetic, lacking even the drama of a senatorial or gubernatorial contest, may be a determining factor in the political make-up of the next Congress. Currently the state is represented by fifteen Republicans and eleven Democrats, but it has an unusually large number of so-called marginal districts. As the desultory campaign nears its end, with the G. O. P., headed by Robert R. McCormick as publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*, and Governor Dwight Green, alternately seeking to frighten the electorate with the specter of communism and to arouse its wrath over shortages, the people, jingling more money in their pockets than ever before, show little or no interest in the issues, bogus or real.

Before analyzing the situations existing in the reputedly marginal districts, I should explain that the state has not been redistricted since 1901. The Congressional result, therefore, will not necessarily reflect the political sentiments of the people of Illinois. Cook County, ordinarily a Democratic stronghold, has approximately 52 per cent of the state's population. But Cook County has only nine Congressional districts wholly within its boundaries. A tenth lies partly in the county and partly in suburban Lake County. Fifteen lie wholly within the other 100 downstate counties. The twenty-sixth Representative is chosen by the electorate at large. Not only is there unequal representation as between Cook County and downstate but also as between districts in both areas. Population disparities range from the Seventh District's 914,053 inhabitants (1940 census) to the Fifth District's 112,116. Both those districts are in Cook County. Downstate's Twentieth District has but 162,528 inhabitants, while its Eleventh has 385,207. Thus only the vote for Congressman-at-Large can be used to evaluate political sentiment in the state as a whole.

The marginal districts include the post of Congressman-at-Large, currently held by Mrs. Emily Taft Douglas, a Democrat; the Third (Chicago), now represented by Edward A. Kelly, Democrat; the Ninth (Chicago), won two years ago by Alexander Resa, Democrat; the Twenty-second (East St. Louis), recaptured from the G. O. P. two years ago by Melvin Price, a G. I. Democrat; the Second (Chicago), now represented by William A. Rowan, a Democrat; the Nineteenth (downstate), represented by Rolla C. McMillen, a Republican; and the Twenty-first (downstate), represented by Evan Howell, a Republican. Only Democratic optimists calculate that either the Nineteenth or the Twenty-first, currently held by Republicans, will go Democratic. Predictions of upsets in those two districts are based largely on the fact that the Democratic nominees have put up a good fight. The two districts went Democratic at the peak of New Deal strength but returned to the Republican fold long ago.

Thus the situation in Illinois reduces itself to the fact that the Democratic Party cannot reasonably count on gains and that it will be extremely fortunate to retain the eleven seats it now holds.

Results in at least three of the five marginal districts now held by the Democrats are highly doubtful. In the order of Republican expectations, these are the Third and Ninth districts and the at-large seat. Downstate's Twenty-second (East St. Louis area) is a toss-up. Chicago's Second District, although slightly debatable, would go Republican only in event of a landslide. In Chicago's Third District Edward A. Kelly—no relation of Mayor Kelly—is hard put. The district includes industrial areas, ordinarily Democratic, and Cook County suburbs, ordinarily Republican. It went Republican in 1942, sending the red-baiting Fred Busbey to Washington, where he supported the activities of the Dies committee. Two years ago the large outpouring of liberals in behalf of Franklin D. Roosevelt enabled Kelly, who had previously represented the district, to recapture it. In the last session of Congress Kelly, who had previously given full support to Roosevelt, voted with the Republicans and Southern Democrats on a number of crucial questions. In the current contest, therefore, in which Busbey is again the G. O. P. nominee, Kelly inspires little enthusiasm among liberals, and his reelection, without such support, is problematical.

In Chicago's Ninth District the able and liberal Alexander Resa, the incumbent, is opposed by Robert Twyman, a personable Republican business man who has waged an effective campaign on very conservative tenets. Twyman is a newcomer to Chicago politics, though he was once secretary to the late Senator New of Indiana. Liberals and labor groups are giving nominal support to Resa, but liberals of all categories have been slow to move in the current campaign. Resa, for example, carries whatever burden there may be in an indorsement from the P. A. C. without the compensation of any great activity in his behalf by what some Chicago politicians ruefully refer to as the Political Inaction Committee.

Emily Taft Douglas, an able campaigner and a sincere

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and effective liberal, has the unusually hard task of winning reelection from the state at large. Two years ago, running against the notorious Stephen A. Day, she picked up a plurality exceeding that given by Illinois to Roosevelt. Long active in the League of Women Voters and other civic organizations, she has much independent support. She will probably get a Cook County plurality of something like 150,000. That will be enough only in the event that widespread apathy downstate prevents her opponent from coming to the Cook County line with the normal G. O. P. plurality of 200,000 to 300,000. The odds, what with a Republican trend downstate, are against her. Possibly her own independent strength can pull her through.

The Twenty-second, the only downstate district represented in Washington by a Democrat, is an even bet. It has two heavily populated industrial counties, St. Clair and Madison, and three rural counties, Bond, Washington, and Madison. The rural counties are expected to give Calvin Johnson, the Republican nominee, a plurality approximating 7,000. An outpouring of labor votes in Madison and St. Clair for the incumbent, Melvin Price, will be needed to retain the seat for the Democrats. Johnson won the seat in 1942 and lost it to Price in 1944. Chicago's Second District, now represented by William A. Rowan, Democrat, was long considered debatable, but in recent days the Democrats have become more confident.

To return to the contest for Representative-at-Large, Mrs. Douglas's Republican opponent, William G. Stratton, served one term in Congress (1940-42) and then was elected state treasurer. He has an ultra-conservative, ultra-isolationist record, and with "Ham" Fish and Stephen A. Day, was involved in the Viereck-Frank episode. But on the basis of past performance he must be reckoned no mean vote getter.

Stratton has spent most of the campaign in red-baiting, and he finally overstepped himself when he sought to link Mrs. Douglas—native-born Illinoisan, product of the state's school system, daughter of the late sculptor Lorado Taft, and wife of an eminent University of Chicago economist—with Moscow. His own record of association with Viereck then became an issue. Before that, on account of his brief war-time navy service, it had been largely ignored.

Such Republican worthies as Chauncey Reed in the Eleventh District, Leo Allen in the Thirteenth, Noah Mason in the Twelfth, Anton J. Johnson in the Fourteenth, and Leslie Arends in the Seventeenth have nothing to fear. They come from districts which went Republican during most of the New Deal peak years. Probably all incumbent G. O. P. Representatives from the state will be reelected. Broadly considered, the group stands for *Tribune* isolationism, *Tribune* reaction, and *Tribune* red-baiting. Without exception, they acknowledge the leadership of Robert R. McCormick.

Uninspiring as the fact may be, present hopes to keep the state's Democratic liberals in Congress rest largely on the vote-getting ability of Chicago's notorious Kelly machine. The P. A. C. has not bestirred itself, and other liberal groups, with the exception of the small but active Independent Voters of Illinois, appear to have lost their effectiveness since Roosevelt's death. Boss Ed, incredible as it may seem, is being called on to save whatever vestiges of liberalism may remain in Illinois. *Sic transit gloria!*

The Soviets Clean House

BY WALTER DURANTY

IN THE present flurry about Soviet Russia much is being made of an "internal upheaval" in that country. We are told that the dread word "purge" was allowed by the Moscow censor on, I think, June 28, and that since then the newly named Ministry of State Control (ex-OGPU, ex-NKVD) has been doing a wholesale job of "purging" in many fields. Although we are also informed that "unlike other Soviet upheavals, notably those of the mid-thirties, the sentences so far reported have been confined to prison terms and fines," the tone of dispatches is ominous and in tune with other alarums and excursions of the anti-Soviet orchestra.

However, all this talk about "purges," now and in the past, ignores the fact that the "purge"—or *chistka,* as the Russians call it, literally meaning "cleansing"—is an essential feature of the principles and conduct of the Russian Communist Party and was in operation as far back as 1920. The *chistka* was then used to cope with the somewhat indiscriminate admission of new members to the party during the civil war (1918-20); by 1920 more than twenty thousand "undesirables" had been placed on probation or expelled. The test which Communists must pass was threefold, dealing with faith,

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works, and conduct—that is, knowledge of and belief in Marxist doctrine, obedience to party rules and instructions and performance of party duties, and personal behavior so scrupulously correct as to bring no slur upon the party name.

At various later periods exceptional stress was laid upon one or another of these three points, but serious dereliction in any of them was enough to warrant expulsion or a period of probation. Thus there was a very sharp purge in 1921, when Lenin's New Economic Policy (N. E. P.) was opposed by many of his followers. This purge was so severe that the membership of the party was reduced from 732,000 in March, 1921, to 532,000 in March, 1922. And the decline did not stop there, for the Twelfth Party Congress in April, 1922, represented a membership of only 386,000—scarcely more than half the 1921 figure.

The mechanism of the purge was as follows: Every party member, high or low, was called before a meeting of his cell, or unit, to answer the questions of a board of examiners appointed by the Central Committee. Other fellow-workers, friends or relatives, including non-Communists, might be present, and the Communist being examined could appeal to them for support and corroboration of his statements. The examiners might also appeal to the "audience" to confirm or deny complaints and generally to illumine each case. This was the system before Lenin's death, and it has been continued since within the party.

In the fall of 1924 a nation-wide drive was undertaken against the profiteers, Communist and non-Communist, who had exploited the New Economic Policy. Scores of thousands of "Nepmen"—private business men—and party and non-party officials were arrested and punished for crookedness and for taking or giving bribes. State organizations of investigation and punishment, like the Peasants' and Workers' Inspection Committee, the Criminal Police, and the OGPU, formerly known as Cheka, conducted this drive. It was not a party purge—this distinction is important—but simply an effort to correct abuses which had developed because the party leaders, notably Stalin and Trotsky, were already engaged in a struggle of persons and power and methods caused by Lenin's serious illness and imminent death.

I venture to suggest that the present "internal upheaval" in Russia is like what happened in 1924—that is, a general cleaning out of the cobwebs and mess which accumulate in any house when its occupants are so deeply preoccupied with something else that they have no time to keep it in order. In the last five years the U. S. S. R. has been fighting for its existence. That was what counted most. Now that the war is won, the Russian leaders have time to look around, and they see rust and moths and corruption and even places where thieves have broken in to steal. Doubtless they also see that the enormous number of new party members, welcome and useful during the war, requires some sifting—now that the war is won. That would be a party purge; and so we have today the dual process of a party purge, or *chistka,* and the punishment of non-party members for the many sorts of misconduct and abuses which are the common response of human imperfection to the double temptation of greed and opportunity.

It is not surprising that American public opinion and its informants in the press and radio should misunderstand the present state of affairs in the U. S. S. R. Apart from the censorship and the confusing effect of such factors as the shortage of consumers' goods, transportation difficulties, and the presence of millions of refugees from the western provinces in the Urals, Siberia, and Central Asia, there is the bewildering memory of the treason trials and so-called Great Purge in the years 1936 to 1938. The whole tragic story of that vast and panic witch-hunt has yet to be revealed. It was not a party purge in the usual sense of the phrase, although it was primarily concerned with party members and, as in 1921, reduced the party membership by more than one-half. Nor was it mainly, as in 1924, a national housecleaning. In a sense it was both, but it was something else. It was an explosion of national suspicion and fear which shook the country to its roots but also destroyed the network of foreign intrigue and fifth-column activity, native and foreign.

There is a further point which merits consideration. I refer to the Cheka, or OGPU, or NKVD, or, as they call it now, Ministry of State Control, that subtle organization which often changes its name but never its character—or its purpose and methods. From the very beginning, when Lenin early in 1918 appointed Felix Djerjinsky to head the Cheka (Extraordinary Commission) against counter-revolution, that body—with all its names—has been far more than a secret police or an intelligence service. It has been that of course, but it has also been, first, last, and always, the executive arm and the vigilant watchdog of the Soviet state, the right hand and obedient servant of the ruling force in Russia, which is the Central Committee of the Communist Party, and of the Politburo which runs the Central Committee—and therefore of Stalin, who runs the Politburo.

On certain occasions foreign public opinion has been led to believe that this particular organism of the Bolshevik system was the power behind the throne, an *imperium in imperio.* Once perhaps, for a moment, this fancy may have been true, when Yagoda dared to dream that a dog could bite its master. So Yagoda was shot. Before him and after him—perhaps even during that moment of his extravagant dream—the Cheka, OGPU, NKVD, or present Ministry of State Control has always been the swift sharp sword of the Kremlin.

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The People's Front

FEW people can undergo the test of power and emerge unchanged. This is truer in Europe than in the United States. Here politics does not have the same prestige; a successful American business executive or professional man seems to feel that a government job is something one accepts only in time of war or some other national emergency as a patriotic duty and with a certain feeling of condescension. As a rule, the men most susceptible to the effects of power are those who least expected to fill a post of authority: the newspaperman who never dreamed of leaving the city room, the militant of the left who never in his life saw the inside of any official building except a jail, the professor absorbed in the search for a new philosophy, or hormone, or star. Taken out of their usual surroundings and set down in a ministry, or embassy, or Military Government office, such men too often become transformed—conceited and unbearable.

Italy's new Minister of Foreign Affairs is not one of these. I saw Pietro Nenni three months ago in the Italian embassy at Paris; he was then vice-president of the Italian Council of Ministers, but I had no difficulty in recognizing the man who used to rise at meetings of the Second International in pre-Munich days to defend the uncompromising Socialist position against the revisionists; who during the Spanish war crossed the border time after time to go to the front with the *milicianos*. In Paris in August he was even carrying, stuffed in the pocket of his raincoat, the beret Basque he used to wear in 1938; when he had to go to see one of the big shots at the Peace Conference, he would exchange it for a stiff black sombrero which between times hung solemnly in the cloakroom of the embassy and which he never succeeded in putting on properly.

This was my first meeting with Nenni since January, 1940, when I left him struggling with the French bureaucrats to put across his plan of mobilizing the Italian anti-fascists in France for service on the Allied side. To make his situation even more difficult, he had just sent a bitter letter of resignation to the executive committee of the Second International because of its vacillating position on the Spanish issue. Yet he was at odds with the Communists as well, for he would not accept their position on World War II; from the outset he maintained that this was a struggle every Socialist must support.

When France fell, Nenni stood high on the list of those demanded by the Axis police. Indeed, he had three Gestapos on his trail—German, Italian, and Vichy French. I succeeded in establishing contact with him through mutual friends in New York, and we obtained the promise of an American visa for him. Nenni got word to us that he would not leave France. He wanted to keep in touch with the anti-Fascists there and in Italy and to be on hand when the final struggle began. Eventually he was delivered to the Italians and sent to prison. His journey through Italy turned into a triumphal progress. Even the Fascist guards who had him in charge treated him with sympathy and respect, and the railway workers made no attempt to hide their joy at his return.

Nenni's extraordinary courage is concealed by his simplicity and strong dislike of theatrical gestures. Three weeks ago, when an angry crowd of unemployed, in which it was easy to detect the presence of provocateurs, rioted in front of the Viminale Palace in Rome, the first official who went out to face the demonstrators was Nenni. I can sense as if I had been there the quick presence of mind with which he intervened to prevent a disastrous clash between the police and the people.

This will surely not be the last riot for Nenni. It takes courage, in this critical period for Italy, to assume the duties of Foreign Minister. There may come a moment when Nenni will find everyone against him, including his own Socialist Party, in which he must count upon the criticism of the rightist group around Saragat and of the perfectionists led by Ignazio Silone. He may also find himself in disagreement with the Italian Communists. Nenni considers the division into two blocs a permanent menace to peace; while he is friendly to the Soviet Union he is determined to maintain the best possible relations with the West, as his recent cable to Secretary Byrnes clearly indicates. On the other hand, his position has been strengthened by the political pact just concluded between the Socialists and Communists. The joint program calls for extirpation of Fascist remnants, nationalization of monopolistic industries and services, liquidation of big estates, and, in foreign affairs, collective security. This is a personal victory for Nenni. With the two Marxist parties working together on domestic problems and laying the groundwork for substantial gains in next spring's parliamentary elections, he can expect more solid support from the left for his foreign policy. Even on the Trieste issue he showed no sign of discouragement in Paris, no indication of allowing that trouble-spot to become another Danzig. Latest developments seem to justify his hopes. Although the Yugoslav delegate to the Peace Conference declared that his country would never sign a treaty depriving it of Trieste, Marshal Tito, in a recent interview with Philips Price, British Labor M. P., has said he does not object in principle to having Trieste become a free territory provided its constitution is satisfactory and the enclave fairly defined.

Nenni's big problem will be the Christian Democrats, who hold 211 of the 557 seats in the Constituent Assembly. After a two-day debate in the Chamber, they came out against acceptance of the peace treaty drafted in Paris. Nenni hates the treaty as much as they do, but he favors ratification combined with continued efforts to secure revisions as soon as the international situation eases. He knows he is in for the most unpleasant time of his life. But he asked for it; he insisted on being Foreign Minister. Nenni is used to plunging into the fight when things look darkest. Knowing him as I do, I am confident that, unlike some other radicals who have tasted power, he will not forget that he is a Socialist.

DEL VAYO

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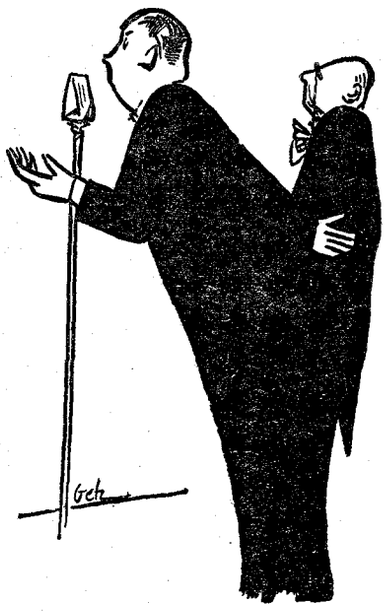
IN ONE EAR

BY LOU FRANKEL



THERE was a time when almost any radio man would admit, in the privacy of a bar or the secrecy of an inner sanctum, that CBS was the top network in the business. NBC might have more good programs, but CBS was smarter in its public service and its ability to come up with new programs.

Four or five years ago things began to change. Then, about three years ago, William S. Paley, the president of CBS, went to war, first with the OWI overseas, later with the Psychological Warfare Division of SHAEF. And from that day on no one in the business would bet a dime on the future of the once top web.

Today the situation has changed again. For last week Mr. Paley, now chairman of the board of CBS, served notice that he was back in the saddle and his network would once again be out in front.

On Tuesday, October 22, Bill Paley stood before the first big meeting of the National Association of Broadcasters' twenty-fourth annual convention, in Chicago, and said in effect, "A lot of people are saying a lot of bad things about us. Some of them are honest, others are not, but a good deal of what they are saying is true, and it's about time we admitted it and took steps to clean house."

To the assembled radio men—fresh from a shave, a shampoo, and a snifter after a night of carousing in the full Legion-convention sense of the word—it was an unexpected slap in the face. The president of CBS had faced up to a problem they were ducking—and they knew it.

Some of what Bill Paley said is arguable, at least to this critic. But everything he said was honest, frank, and important. If you would like to read the full seventeen pages of his talk, write to CBS at 485 Madison Avenue, New York 22, and they will send you a copy. I have space only for his most effective salvos:

"The most persistently repeated charge against broadcasters is that we permit advertising excess. It is my opinion that we are guilty. True, competition for economic survival has been very fierce in certain instances. But that does not excuse too high a percentage of commercial copy or material which is irritating, offensive, or in bad taste.

"A broadcaster may have felt impelled by economic considerations to take a few more announcements or another commercial here and there. Getting no immediate reaction from the listening public he may have repeated the process until he lost perspective on what was excessive or obnoxious.

"You do not need me to tell you that this is bad radio and bad advertising. Certainly, it's not the advertiser's fault, but the broadcaster's. Nor am I pointing the finger at stations only. Let me frankly admit that even network standards would be higher if one network or another had not yielded to the pressure of competition.

"Turning to the field of public-affairs programs, perhaps our real failure has been in not devoting to them the same high quality of showmanship, good writing, ingenuity, and imagination as we devote to entertainment shows.

"The growing volubility of our critics cannot be disposed of simply by our deciding in the privacy of our own offices that they don't know what they are talking about.

"We must admit in advance that not all our critics will be silenced no matter what we do, but that does not excuse a do-nothing attitude. I have no doubt that if we frankly face and recognize this as our collective responsibility, we are neither so shortsighted nor so incompetent that we cannot find a forward-looking and workable solution.

"When our accomplishments are given as much emphasis as our faults—we will find that the record of most broadcasters will be a matter of real pride. And I say most because the record of some is not a matter of pride.

"We have reached a point where it is incumbent upon the whole industry to be concerned with the good name of the whole industry, and if that means pointing directly to certain units in the industry, then let's not be afraid to do so.

"I should like to see people angry when they are angry at particular stations, particular programs, particular offenders, and not at all radio. That is intelligent discrimination, and that is what is often lacking in radio criticism."

These quotations are lifted out of context. They are not all in the sequence in which they occurred. And of course they are not nearly all that Mr. Paley had to say: he made some extremely pertinent remarks about radio critics, of which more next week.

Mr. Paley's speech was important because it marked the return to active participation in American radio of a strong force for good. It also set a gauge by which every intelligent radio listener can judge his station and by which radio can judge itself.

Even if nothing else happens before the N. A. B. convention comes to an end, this meeting of the radio trade association will have been a success. For by putting radio on the spot Bill Paley also put his network on the spot.

The current issue of *Variety* carries a headline, "Radio Must Reform—or Else." With this staring the broadcasters in the face, you can bet your mortgage that Paley will back his words with action. And anything that CBS does the rest of the industry will have to match on a competitive basis.

The Nation *has been receiving inquiries about the present status of television. Mr. Frankel plans to devote a future column to the subject. However, he would like to know how many* Nation *readers have television sets in operation and how general is the interest. If you have a set, will you please send us a postcard.*

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Great Precursor

THE DRAWINGS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI. With an Introduction by A. E. Popham. Reynal and Hitchcock. $10.

AS BOTH an artist and an event in history Leonardo da Vinci offers paradoxes. These are brought to view even in his drawings—which happen to be the most authentic evidence we have as to his genius, since the authorities tell us that almost every one of the paintings still attributed to him has been altered seriously by the hand either of another artist or of time. Thus the book at hand becomes doubly valuable, even to those more interested in Leonardo as a personality than as a painter.

Remarkable in these drawings is the amount of intellectual will manifested by a taut, deliberate line, by contours that describe a form as if asserting a final truth. Here, immediately, is the first paradox. Was not Leonardo among those who did most to deliver Italian painting from conceptualization and carry it farthest on the way toward explicit emotion and naturalism? Did it not go out of fashion after him for painters to be intellectual? Where are the Piero della Francescas, the Uccellos, and the Mantegnas of the Cinquecento? But like many of the paradoxes attaching to Leonardo, this one can be plausibly explained by his "uneven development." Born in 1452, he never quite succeeded in escaping from the intellectualist Quattrocento, although he was, essentially, not of it; and despite his instinctive naturalism he was unable to attain the uninhibited passivity that made it possible for the next generation of painters to render a pictorial world so "natural" that its space became continuous with that in which the spectator moved.

Leonardo's will was not only the will to know and to understand but also the will to power. Where for his predecessors, Piero and Uccello, graphic definition had been primarily a way of identifying nature's essence, its perfection and harmony, for Leonardo it was a form of control over his environment. In his drawings we see a struggle between the Quattrocentist ideal of harmony and his own instinct for immediate, physical control. Yet he seems to have been too impatient to make the unreserved, if temporary, surrender of the intellectual will without which the sensory truth cannot be assimilated. Although in his notebooks he upheld the primacy of the unmanipulated evidence of the senses, he continued to believe in geometry as the supreme and a priori key to visible reality. Hence the vestigial stylization in his drawings, the cramped, but rhythmic, faintly Sienese arabesque of Quattrocento painting, which, although a great excellence in its own time, represents a frustration for an artist whose temper and ambition no longer belong to the fifteenth century.

Some of Leonardo's frustrations, as well as his unresolved contradictions, arose from his own temperament no less than from his historical position. His preoccupation with knowledge and power goes hand in hand with a certain coldness or detached impersonality, of which evidence is to be found in both his drawings and his notebooks. Yet his revolutionary contributions to painting were an emotional naturalism that inaugurated the High Renaissance, and his *sfumato*, which by swathing forms in soft, voluminous shading not only moved them into "real" space but made the emotion they bore more explicit. And yet who but a cold nature can calculate best when it comes to a question of dramatizing and exploiting emotion? And is it not also characteristic of a cold nature that, when called on to display emotion, it should resort, as Leonardo did, to sentimentality and exaggeration?

There is, however, a kind of valid feeling in Leonardo's seemingly most objective drawings. But it appears as puzzling to us as it proved troublesome, no doubt, to the artist himself. It is the alienated and the unsympathetic, and is expressed in depictions of violent struggles, of catastrophes by fire and flood, of invented facial types and facial deformities, of war chariots with revolving scythes that litter the ground with human limbs, and in the directions in his notebooks on how to paint a battle scene—but most particularly in his anatomical studies, which convey, as modern anatomical plates do not, the idea of a callousness that does not come altogether from the fact that these studies were done from life by a consummate draftsman in a period in which hardly anyone as yet had acquired the habit of viewing the insides of a human body detachedly and with curiosity. The mirror-maker who denounced Leonardo to the Pope for his anatomical drawings may have had ulterior motives, but I believe I can understand why he felt he had a good case.

The most precise definition I can give of the feeling I detect in Leonardo's drawings and writings is that it is the result of self-withdrawal, of an unwillingness or inability to commit or reveal himself. His appetite for mystification would bear this out. (And by mystification I do not mean merely his practice of writing from right to left; after all, Leonardo was left-handed.) He was able to put emotion into his art more outwardly than anyone before him because it was not his own emotion but emotion that he chose for his not-self. He was able to write more copiously than any other artist of his time because he kept himself out of what he wrote. He willed because he assigned the performance of the acts of his will to his not-self.

Relatively few of the drawings reproduced in this book are finished works of art in the sense of being placed and executed in relation to the size and shape of the page. Many are preliminary sketches, notations, studies, and the like; others are sheer rumination, revery, wish-fulfilment, thinking. They amount to works of art only in the limited way that isolated passages of verse do—or even less, because their presumptive wholes never saw existence.

As I have said, most of these drawings are not quite free of the Quattrocento. The recurring types of the fierce, masculine, mature man and his contrast, the soft-chinned, effeminate youth; the flower-pieces, the landscapes, and especially the drawings of water in movement seem governed by no-

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tions of ideal types, or of abstract, mathematical harmonies. (The Quattrocento, while it drew from nature, corrected its observations according to a set of ideal, generalized patterns, drawing *the* arm and *the* tree instead of *an* arm and *a* tree.) Leonardo does not seem to have been comfortable with the remnants of a style that by his time, and particularly for him, had become equivalent to stylization. Had he been comfortable, his drawing would have been more mannered—like Botticelli's—which it is not at all, and would have betrayed the unity, self-indulgence, and repose that go with mannerism. But Leonardo's draftsmanship is rarely at ease; its revery as well as its will is nervous, almost convulsive. Its invention transcends the Quattrocento by far, and only its execution relapses into it—in the tapering of a limb, the folds of a gown, or here and there in an ornamental, slightly abstract rhythm and compression. And yet even here the truth and emphasis are too strong to be decorative in the Quattrocentist manner.

Leonardo was endowed with the talent of a great draftsman, but we can appreciate that talent only as a potentiality. He left behind very few really great drawings, and most of those in the present book are but samples and demonstrations of talent, not its achievements. Those of them done most directly from life appear the most spontaneous and incisive: his male nudes, his female heads, and even his studies of drapery—which seem slightly stylized only because taken, as Vasari says, from clay figures draped with rags dipped in plaster. On the other hand—and here we meet another paradox—the best complete drawing in the book, in my opinion, is a more or less architectural sketch for the perspective of the unfinished "Adoration of the Magi"—notwithstanding its over-drawings, guiding lines, and erasures. And yet again, this drawing happens to be one of the most Quattrocentist of all, even though its conception, a wide, horizontal composition converging into depth, was to be taken up and repeated by Raphael and others in the sixteenth century.

The famous Burlington House cartoon of the Madonna, St. Anne, the Jesus child, and St. John, made as a sample sketch for an altar-piece never executed, is considered by many the greatest and most genuine surviving example of Leonardo's genius. About this drawing, magnificent in the pictorial and emotional unity of its rhythms, there is nothing whatsoever of the Quattrocento. Although its volumes round off deeply into the third dimension, they are perfectly controlled on the picture plane, with the Quattrocentist handling of volumes as protuberances to be organized frontally like a bas-relief left far behind. And yet I feel something impure, mannered, cloying in the elongated figures of this drawing, in the faces, and in the sugary *sfumato* that haloes them. The emotion is sent too exclusively and too far in one direction, becoming unbelievable for the purposes of art; the artist seems to be staking his effect on the spectator's weaknesses as well as on his own skill. In the end, this charcoal drawing, like Michelangelo's Sistine frescoes, constitutes one of those rapes of the medium that result in something splendid and extraordinary but that leave us admiring the scale and force of the artist's nerve more than his art. And since these works have such a deleterious effect upon artists who come afterward, they amount almost to acts of hostility toward art.

We know how much Michelangelo preferred sculpture to painting and how he complained at the task set him in the Sistine chapel, and so his hostility can be accounted as more than accidental. Leonardo's reluctance to commit himself fully to any of his pursuits—as indicated by such external evidence as his inconstant interests, his lack of perseverance, and his very neglect of the rudimentary physical aspects of his métier—may be interpreted as the sign of an unconscious hostility toward accomplishment in general, not only toward art. Whatever the personal facts concerned, it is as if Leonardo, once having embarked upon his revolutionary ventures, lost heart and became resentful when he saw that these were but beginnings that would have to be left to others for realization. And so for him the main question became that of proving and demonstrating his gifts rather than of creating works.

His faculty for divining the obsessions and challenges of the future led him into paths down which he could take only the initial steps. Just as his art, while reaching far ahead in conception, remained trapped between Quattrocento and Cinquecento in its embodiment, so in natural philosophy his genuine positivism, which anticipated so much to come, could of itself achieve little for lack of a scientific method; while his inventions and engineering projects, which manifested a very modern desire to exploit nature rather than propitiate it, came to nothing for lack of a source of power more generous than pulleys and cog-wheels. Leonardo arrived too early. "Tell me whether anything was ever finished?" he wrote more than once.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

The Witnesses

NOT SO WILD A DREAM. By Eric Sevareid. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

THIS is the kind of book that most sincere journalists write or want to write—*have* to write in order to maintain their sincerity and their balance. On two levels, both the superficial and the profound, these books—which naturally enough take the autobiographical form—allow the journalist to try to tell what he *really* saw and felt, what was *actually* happening: in other words, to report what the censors cut out and what the writer himself was at the time unable to express. The model for these books is perhaps Vincent Sheean's "Personal History." Eric Sevareid presumes to speak for his generation, as Sheean did for his: he achieves a genuine success. The defects of his story can be related to the defects of his generation. It is entirely to the credit of his honesty that the contradictions in his attitudes are revealed as clearly as his positive beliefs are affirmed. As I recall Sheean's book, and compare it with "Not So Wild a Dream," the most striking difference seems to be in the personal tone. The former generation, feeling itself more in tune with history—and for other reasons as well—was more individually responsive and assertive. On the other hand, Sevareid reveals, for instance, a shocking disdain of bohemianism. Also, he is too polite to those he attacks. His analyses are often vitiated by an excessive moralism: the words "clean" and "obscene" occur frequently

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H. G. WELLS
1866-1946

"This was a man whose word was light in a thousand dark places. When he was angry, it was because he knew, far better than we did that life need not be a sordid, greedy scramble."

J. B. PRIESTLEY

At the cremation, London, August 16, 1946

Read

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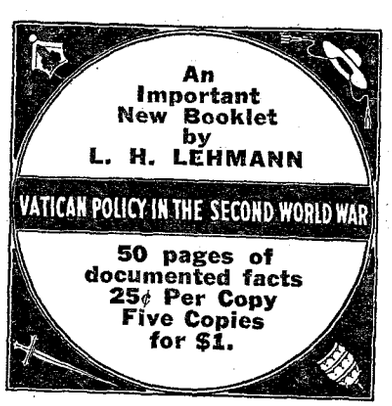

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in meaningless contexts. I think today we carry a greater load of guilt.

Why? Because the world is a more horrible and hopeless place to live in, and because the desire to escape from it has multiplied while the opportunities for doing so have dwindled. (And society is more and more incorporating escapes from itself within its own structure.) The feeling of guilt appears, of course, as a sense of responsibility, and so Sevareid remarks, "Mine is a time without choices"—meaning the choice has already been made. But in his particular reportorial role he also speaks of "my familiar niche as participating witness without the responsibility of decision." He is continually feeling inferior to militant leftists and to more conventional men of action like army officers. He is, for some reason, paralyzed: he cannot do what he says he wants to do, and he cannot fully want to do what he does.

Sevareid's long book is primarily an account of his relation to the war and of the experiences he had reporting it. He was in a good bit of it: the *Sitzkrieg;* the defeat of France; the London blitz of 1940; Africa, India, China; North Atlantic convoy; the Italian theater; the invasion of southern France; and so on—the account ends with the crossing of the Rhine. A long chapter chronicles his life in the Burmese jungle, where his plane crashed on the way from India to China. The best part of the book is that concerning the criminal Italian campaign. The reporter responded to the war in Italy deeply, almost as a G. I. His picture of the inept, pretentious generals—especially Clark—is excellent.

For Sevareid, as for most honest liberals, the war was what has been called a "negative" necessity. It became increasingly clear, after the Darlan affair, that this meant the sacrifice of all positive possibilities for the sake of the military destruction of German power. And in the end not even fascism was destroyed, but only its armies. *It was a war without self.* There was only an enemy, and the victors had nothing to be victorious about. (This lack of self is the blight of our civilization. "Not So Wild a Dream" is proof of this, but more by implication than otherwise.) Now, in the post-war world, the central problem, because of the atom bomb, is even more exclusively pure survival than it was during "the war for survival"—so the author is forced to conclude. And also with these words: "All that America truly meant, all that Americans had perished for, would be devoid of consequence or portent unless the image of society that America showed the world was that of the little Velvas as I had known, remembered, and cherished them." The reality is survival; the dream is the image of Velva.

Velva, North Dakota, is the town where Mr. Sevareid was born.

DAVID T. BAZELON

D E B A T E

"Does Stalinism Flow From Bolshevism?"

"YES!"	"NO!"
LISTON M. OAK	**MAX SHACHTMAN**
Managing Editor of "The New Leader"	*National Chairman Workers Party*

FRIDAY, NOV. 8—8 P.M.

HOTEL DIPLOMAT • 108 West 43rd Street

A Simple Story

AS HE SAW IT. By Elliot Roosevelt. Foreword by Eleanor Roosevelt. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $3.

THE thesis of this curious and lively little book is that Franklin Roosevelt, anticipating a mortal struggle between Great Britain and the Soviet Union, regarded Britain as much the greater menace to the world in which he believed. Elliott Roosevelt accompanied his father to the meetings at Argentia, Casablanca, Cairo, and Teheran. From each conference he reports—in direct quotes—the President's consistent and detailed suspicions of British perfidy. Churchill figures as combined buffoon and villain, endlessly scheming—generally to the detached amusement of the President and his son—to divert the United States from the war against Germany to the war against Russia. Hearing the British military and naval leaders on board the Augusta, Elliott found himself wondering—this was before Pearl Harbor—"whether it was the British Empire's purpose to see the Nazis and the Russians cancel each other out, while Britain grew strong." Stalin makes a reassuring entrance at Teheran, something like the wise old uncle from Australia in the Horatio Alger books. "Listening to Stalin's quiet words, watching his quick, flashing smile, I sensed the determination that is in his name: Steel."

We have not drifted away from Franklin Roosevelt's position in recent months, Elliott feels; "we are being *shoved* away from it, by men who should know better." Moscow gave Elliott the impression "that the Russians were almost childishly eager to get along with us." Joe Davies "demonstrated how simple the job of cooperation with the Russians is." Elliott believes we must get back on his father's track; his own specific recommendations resemble the general foreign-policy program at present advocated by such groups as the Independent Citizens' Committee of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions and the Communist Party.

The problem of the exact truth of this representation of the late President will have to await further documents. Eleanor Roosevelt's noncommittal foreword comes closer to giving Elliott's thesis a brush-off than an indorsement. She describes the book as "one observer's first-hand account," which will furnish future historians with "some" of the material for a final evaluation. "I am quite sure that many of the people who heard many of the conversations recorded herein interpreted them differently, according to their own thoughts and beliefs."

The author's discussion of his sources will not satisfy historians. It is never clear where he is writing from notes, where from memory. Some of the language ascribed to Roosevelt, as Harold Laski and Henry Commager have pointed out, is inherently implausible. It is hard to believe that F. D. R. worried day and night over Britain but never expressed a single misgiving over the U. S. S. R.; and the broad picture of his views fits a political line in just a bit too pat a fashion. Yet such a detail as Roosevelt's strange admiration for Pat Hurley ("I wish I had more men like Pat. . . . If anybody can straighten out the mess of internal Chinese politics, he is the man") serves no current political purpose and is probably reported with full accuracy.

The question of the nature of Roosevelt's views is not,

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of course, to be answered by spirit conversations, in Mr. Adamic's later manner, or by inner moral conviction, in the manner of those idolators of the late President who refuse to believe that he was the man his son makes him out to be. It is a matter of factual determination, and not all the returns are in. Elliott Roosevelt may be perfectly right. Jonathan Daniels, who was in the White House during this period, appears to back him 100 per cent. Eleanor Roosevelt, on the other hand, does not seem to be sure that it is all this simple; and Sumner Welles gives the same phenomenon of the collapse in United States-Russian relations after Roosevelt's death a somewhat different and very much more sophisticated explanation.

One answer is that Roosevelt was an intricate and many-faceted person—somewhat more complex than many of his observers, even maybe than some of his sons. If it turns out that the late President was not so systematically suspicious of the British and trustful of the Russians as this book suggests, then Elliott Roosevelt has written an infinitely mischievous book and has performed no service to his father's memory. But one must caution against an a priori acceptance or rejection of the thesis of "As He Saw It" simply because it coincides with or contradicts current political interests.

In any case Elliott is not burdened by doubt as to whether he is presenting the full truth. As F. D. R. observed—according to Elliott—of the son of Winston Churchill, "It must be wonderful to have so few misgivings."

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

The Lesson of Defeat

FOR ALL MANKIND. By Léon Blum. The Viking Press. $2.50.

THE prestige of Léon Blum can only be increased by his latest book, "A l'Echelle humaine," now excellently translated by W. Pickles under the title, "For All Mankind." In a Vichy jail soon after France's defeat, Blum had the courage and the vision to prepare for a Fourth Republic. His book was not written in self-justification but to point out to the rising generation "what can be learned from our mistakes, our illusions, and our misfortunes." In his analysis of the past he shows the balanced judgment of the philosopher and statesman, in his outlook for tomorrow the staunch optimism of the believer in democracy. "Fascism cannot last," he wrote in the darkest hour, "for two thousand years of history cannot be reduced to nothing in a decade."

He spares not even his own party, or the working class that was not ready to sacrifice its interests to those of the community; but the main responsibility for the general collapse of French society is put upon the bourgeoisie, a governing class that no longer knew how to govern, that was afraid of change, mediocre and selfish, jingoist yet willing to accept the policy of appeasement and later of collaboration. Blum foresees a second revolution that will displace a decayed class "unable to adjust its rigid temperament either to the necessities of industrial production or to the needs of democratic government." He saw clearly that the lack of cohesion among the bourgeois parties made for governmental instability, for irresponsibility, dishonesty, and bitter rivalry. Only stable parties can "respect in opposition the code of behavior from which they in turn will benefit when they become the government."

The people, wrote Léon Blum, will be the heirs of the Third Republic. They will assure the triumph of social democracy, a creed that insists on the free development of human personality as much as or more than on planned production and consumption. This political and social democracy is not possible in a state of international anarchy; indeed, "if war did not leave us at least with a determination never to accept it as inevitable, we should have to despair of the human race." A really effective international power, a superstate, must be created. This implies a concordat with Russia, perhaps the integration of that nation—as well as of Germany—in the European community.

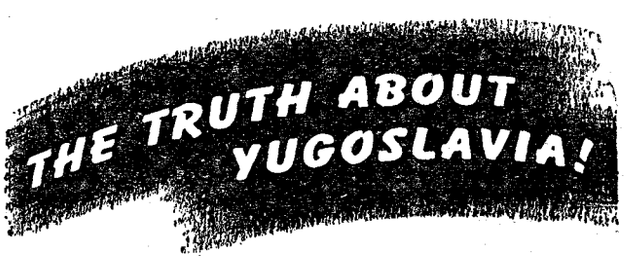
"For All Mankind" is further proof that the great idealists of today are the only true realists.

CHARLES A. MICAUD

BRIEFER COMMENT

. . . That's Fit to Print

LONG, LONG AGO, before reactionary rigor mortis had its way with Benjamin Stolberg and the *Atlantic Monthly*, Ben wrote a piece about Adolph Ochs for the *Atlantic* called The Man Behind the *Times*. The deft Stolbergian scalpel flashed brilliantly to lay bare the inner workings of middle-class mediocrity. Not only did the patient recover, but Mr.



ALLY BETRAYED

By David Martin

Introduction by REBECCA WEST

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Here are uncensored *facts* about Tito and Mihailovich — startling evidence behind Yugoslavia's political belligerence. Rebecca West says: "Told with commendable courage . . . David Martin has scrupulously followed fact. I can vouch for that."

ILLUSTRATED

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Ochs sent copies of the article to his numerous cousins and uncles and aunts. And had Ben to lunch in the sacred upper room.

Nothing of this delightful nature is to be looked for in the worshipful pages of the latest biography of Mr. Ochs ("An Honorable Titan, Biographical Study of Adolph Simon Ochs," by Gerald W. Johnson, Harper, $3.50). Mr. Johnson, professor of journalism—whatever that may be—at the University of North Carolina, once wrote a book called "American Heroes and Hero Worship," and in this last work he sets earnestly about to make of the most unlikely material a new entrant for the Horatio Alger Hall of Fame.

From the post-Civil War days when young Adolph started methodically making money as a printer and publisher in Chattanooga, Honorable Reader is conducted by Mr. Johnson to the Honorable Titan days on West Forty-third Street. For reasons best known to a professor of journalism, Mr. Johnson finds it necessary to apply such words as "strong," "democratic," even "great" to the shrewd little character who at the turn of the century discovered there was a fortune to be made in printing all the dreary stuff that was littering up the floor of the city rooms of his rival publishers. For this enterprise he gathered together a staff of infinitive-splitters and hanging-phrase addicts who developed what soon came to be recognized with horror as the *Times* style. This consisted of telling the entire story in the lead, repeating it ad infinitum in the body, and, after a turgid summation, documenting it on page 36, col. 2, by printing everything the speaker said and the delegates resolved. To this was added the small-town success formula of printing as many names as possible, even though the holders were merely paying guests at the annual dinner of the Advertising Space Buyers' Marching Club and Sunday Morning Breakfast Association. So that, like Rubin's "From a Sandwich to an Institution," the *Times* became an object of awe, and American newspaperdom had its first experience with the "millennium of the minnows."

Though toward the end of his career—honorable enough in all conscience, without Mr. Johnston's protestations—an occasional piece of good writing did shine out from the serried columns of his paper, Mr. Ochs was vigilant in preserving the formula; so that today, eleven years after his death, the *Times* continues its triumphant and titanic way in printing all the news that is fit to, in the opinion of graduates of the tame-cat schools of journalism and tired liberal editors, print.

MCALISTER COLEMAN

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The Planned City

I CAME TO CITY PLANNING through the historical and aesthetic approach: how to preserve the traditional charm of Paris, without any sacrifice of convenience. But I soon realized that art had a social aspect. Urban blight and disintegration are symptoms of a moral disease; they are ugly, because they denote meanness and confusion. I have not lost interest in noble or picturesque planning, *à la* L'Enfant or *à la* Sitte. But I think less in terms of imposing civic centers and grand vistas, more in terms of slum clearance, rehousing, and transportation.

So I read "New City Patterns," by S. E. Sanders and A. J. Rabuck (Reinhold Publishing Corporation, $8), with eagerness and delight. It analyzes the causes of urban blight and proposes definite remedies. The treatment is intelligent, functional, realistic in the true sense of the term. It makes us *realize* evils which we might prefer to ignore—shacks in the shadow of the nation's Capitol—and possibilities that were ours, if only we had the wit and the will.

Acceptable solutions are not utopian. They have been worked out in Germany, England, Switzerland, Holland, as well as in this country. What is needed is a planned economy, the bugbear of our rugged individualists. The profit motive, unlimited, is responsible for the excessive coverage which makes the core of Manhattan blocks hideous, even on Park Avenue. The mitigated profit motive yields mitigated results: let us say Purgatory. The authors note that if Stuyvesant Town were to house decently its proposed population, it would need three times its assigned area. So government must step in "by outright subsidy or by other methods."

Subsidy is a capitulation to the profiteers. It cannot go very far: you can hardly expect landowners to subsidize urban redevelopments which will compete with their own property. The single tax and straight socialism, which the authors do not discuss, provide solutions which are frankly "radical." The question is to be aware of the evil and of its causes: and this is done excellently in "New City Patterns." When a disease has been properly diagnosed, the most conservative doctors are not afraid of drastic methods.

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Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IT IS a commonplace of the textbooks that "Lady Windermere's Fan" is a bad play. One usually adds, of course, that it is enlivened somewhat by a liberal sprinkling of Oscar Wilde's best epigrams, and the present reviewer has retailed these easy opinions on various occasions. He feels pretty sure, however, that a good many other people will be as surprised as he to discover from the current revival at the Cort Theater that this much-maligned old semi-classic is astonishingly viable on the contemporary stage. We were, it seems clear, precisely half wrong. "Lady Windermere's Fan" is hokum of the most abandoned sort. But it is good hokum, not bad.

The obvious machinery of the plot, which seems on the printed page to clank cumbersomely along, actually revolves with well-oiled precision, and the stagiest of its climaxes are quaintly effective. When, for example, Mrs. Erlynne, that most perfectly Victorian of shady ladies, destroys her reputation anew by coming out from hiding in the wicked lord's "rooms" and thus saves the honor of her long-lost daughter, who is hiding in another corner, it is all in the truly grand style of artificiality. The calculated effect is so perfectly achieved that one all but envies those audiences who saw it in the early nineties, when the so eminently usable mythology involving "pure" women and dazzling, "dangerous" men could still be taken as part of a living religion.

We ought, we know, to despise utterly such obvious claptrap and such shamelessly false moralizing. Despite the inappropriately perverse sparkle of the witty interludes, "Lady Windermere's Fan" is in general conception a perfect example of everything Ibsen and Shaw were born to destroy. If Wilde wrote it with his tongue in his cheek he ought to have been ashamed of himself. If, as seems more likely, his originality exhausted itself at the end of an epigram and he was simply unable to form a fable which would point in the same direction as his wit, then it was a confession of weakness to fall back as he did upon a plot which must have become stale a generation before his time. But to see this artistic monstrosity given a fair chance on the stage is somewhat to understand something which often puzzles the industrious student of now forgotten theatrical successes. Intelligent people could stomach such nonsense because it was theatrically usable nonsense. One long passage in "Lady Windermere's Fan," the conversation between the men just before Mrs. Erlynne's sensational entrance, is the most dazzling series of witticisms which any British playwright had achieved since the days of Sheridan at least. But neither in its own day nor in ours is the brilliance of such displays exclusively, or perhaps even chiefly, responsible for the effectiveness of the play. It "goes" quite as much because of what is intellectually contemptible as because of what is intellectually admirable.

I am not taking the excellence of the present production for granted, but the fact remains that it is, however skilful, something which has been conceived as an almost completely straight presentation of the play Wilde wrote, not as a new "interpretation" or as an ingenious, spoofing perversion. Possibly Cecil Beaton's romantically splendiferous costumes and settings are rather more an interior decorator's dream of what a Victorian interior ought to have been like than they are actual recreations of such an interior. Delightful as they are, they may carry a faint suggestion of admiring parody. But even so it is no more than a mere suggestion, and the production as a whole succeeds because it seems to take the play on its own terms and to give it a fair chance. When, for example, Wilde in all seriousness permits his erstwhile wicked lord to lapse into some such quintessential Victorianism as the wistful remark that "we are none of us good enough for the women we marry," the present production plays up the sentiment for all it is worth, and the same is true of the most theatrical of the climaxes. But the result is that the spectator finds himself taking it all in and enjoying the whole thing much more than any mere reader of the text is likely to suppose possible. On the program eight different performers are starred or featured, but acting honors should go, especially, to Penelope Ward as the charming prig Lady Windermere herself, to John Buckmaster as Lord Darlington, to Estelle Winwood for a very crisp comedy performance of the minor role of the Duchess of Berwick, and—in the last act though not, I think, in the earlier ones—to Cornelia Otis Skinner as Mrs. Erlynne.

Of the week's other revival, "The Duchess of Malfi" (Ethel Barrymore Theater), much less can be said. In addition to the fact that both plays are old favorites of the anthologists there are other remote parallels between them: the one is in some respects as typically late Elizabethan as the other is typically late Victorian, and Webster's highly theatrical use of such Elizabethan standbys as the wicked cardinal, the sinister malcontent philosopher, and the power-mad duke is somewhat analogous to Wilde's use of the woman-with-a-past, the pure-woman-who-almost-falls, and other figures dear to the stage of his time. One might even go farther and point out that just as Wilde's play is at least partially redeemed by wit, Webster's is redeemed by poetry. But the very fact that "The Duchess of Malfi" is so much farther removed from us in time makes it harder to acclimatize in our theater, and the present rather casual, rather perfunctory production hardly achieves the task. Elizabeth Bergner plays the title role as an ingenue, and her coyness is only occasionally effective; Canada Lee, as the malcontent, proves that a Negro can successfully make up in white face, but his performance is hardly electric. Two or three of the more sensational scenes do come off pretty well, but as I left the theater I heard one young man protesting defensively to his companion: "After all, it's no duller than a lot of Shakespeare."

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Records

B. H. HAGGIN

COLUMBIA has issued a set (628; $3.85) of Mozart's Concerto K. 365 for two pianos, played by Vronsky and Babin with the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra under Mitropoulos. It is a beautiful work; but performance and recording make its beauty difficult to perceive. The orchestral part gets heavy-handed treatment from Mitropoulos, and comes off the records as though through several thick cloths; the piano parts are played without sensitiveness or style or, occasionally, evenness in passage-work, and come off the records with a dull, percussive sound. Some of the surfaces of my copy are gritty, and there is some wavering of pitch.

On the other hand Columbia offers clear, bright, and sonorous recording of Milhaud's Suite Française, performed by Milhaud himself with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (Set X-268; $2.85)—though the sound is more brilliant on some sides than on others, and is badly balanced in the "Ile de France" section. I am aware of the expertness with which the unpleasantly acrid music is contrived, but I don't find it interesting. The orchestra plays well.

Another set (X-270; $2.25) offers a group of four popular Strauss songs—"Ständchen," "Allerseelen," "Zueignung," and the saccharine "Morgen"—sung by Lotte Lehmann. The voice is lovely (I suspect it is the voice of several years back, judging by the bloom and opulence that the voice of today no longer has), and is used with exquisite art; and Ulanowsky's accompaniments, when not too subdued, are good. The performances are well-reproduced; the surfaces of my copy are noisy.

Lily Pons's singing of *Al! fors' è lui* from "La Traviata" in the set entitled "Paris" (638; $3.85) is tremolo-ridden, and the orchestral accompaniment provided by Kostelanetz is feeble. The other things in the set are "La Marseillaise," "Parlez-moi d'amour," the Vernon Duke "April in Paris," and so on.

Victor has issued Grieg's Symphonic Dances Opus 64, performed by Sevitzky with the Indianapolis Symphony (Set 1066; $3.85). The music is engaging; the performance good; the recorded sound heavily sumptuous.

I expected to enjoy the Victor Herbert songs that Dorothy Kirsten sings with Russ Case and his orchestra and chorus (Set 1069; $3.85), and was surprised to find them without appeal for me. There must be a lot of other people who do like them, or Victor would not be issuing the set; and so I will report that Miss Kirsten sings them well to the customary ornate accompaniments, and that the performances are well-recorded.

I have received the first of twelve recordings that will be issued by Concert Hall Society, Inc., in limited editions of 2,000 copies to subscribers who will pay $100 (plus tax) for the series. The company states that it is setting out to record worth-while music of the past and present that has not been recorded by the big companies; that unlike those companies—which contract with performing artists for the exclusive rights to their services—it will first plan a year's repertory and then engage the artist most suitable for each work; and that it will press only 2,000 copies of each recording on vinylite because no more can be pressed without loss of the high quality that it guarantees its subscribers.

The first work of this year's series is Prokofiev's Quartet Opus 92, which has surprised me—after his other recent products—with a second movement and a finale that are superb. But the remainder of the series includes Brahms's Piano Sonata Opus 1, which is a horror; Debussy's Sonata for cello and piano, which is a late work and not good; Copland's Piano Sonata, of which I have found two hearings more than enough; and a number of works by Stravinsky, Bartok, Bowles, William Schuman, and Barber, which one would want to hear in order to decide whether one cared to own them. The Prokofiev Quartet seems to be performed well by the Gordon Quartet, except for the harsh sound of Gordon's violin, which may be caused by the recording. But the Gordon Quartet is not the group most suitable for this work, any more than Garbousova is the cellist most suitable for the Debussy sonata, or Ray Lev the pianist most suitable for the Brahms sonata—the truth being that Concert Hall Society can use only performers who are not under contract to the big companies, and that from these it has made good choices and some poor ones (Zighera of the Boston Symphony or Maas of the Paganini Quartet would have been a discriminating choice for the Debussy sonata). As for recording, the sound of the Prokofiev is remarkably clear and brilliant to the point of harshness, which may be caused by Gordon; and the vinylite which permits this quality also provides the quiet in which

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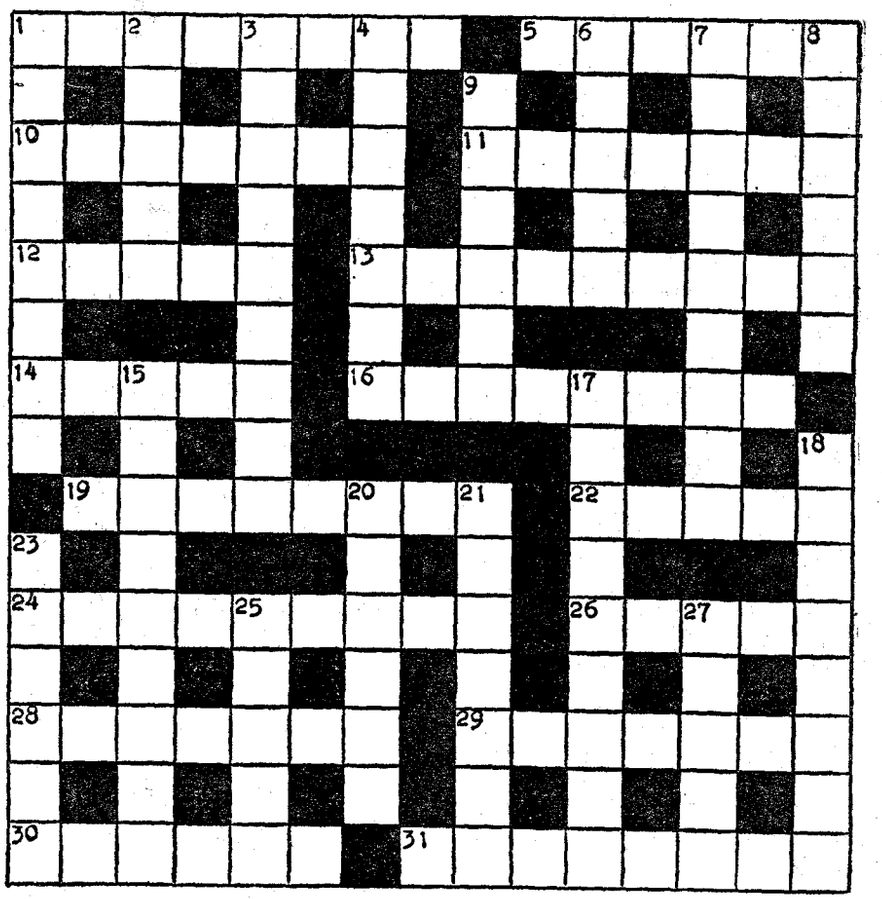
Crossword Puzzle No. 185

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 French writer who made his name largely by adding air to a small charge of electricity
5 When I moult
10 Emits (4 and 3)
11 He has not a cool brain
12 Charlotte makes a tasty dessert with this
13 You can't pay this by taking thought
14 Flowerily got up
16 Relatively affectionate
19 Politicians
22 Examiner's model question
24 The would-be immigrant farmer might be misled by its name
26 Not the land of the redskins
28 Indifferent to pain or pleasure
29 Backward Bert led!
30 Swung 'round so that we faced both ways at once in the vehicle!
31 Crested

DOWN

1 Flower that might bring rain to a valley
2 They get slated, or receive a plastering
3 Reconciliation at Mentone
4 Comes back or come backs
6 One of the older word games
7 Pasturage for Friesian cattle? (3 and 6)
8 Overtakes us all, if we live long enough (3 and 3)
9 Peckish infants
15 The best thing to be on when ordered off (2, 3, 4)
17 Suggests how to find out if there was a Loch Ness monster there
18 This material is not alternative to the Mahatma
20 Horse sense indicates this to be the best place in an air raid
21 How to make a red seat less loud
23 It's gas (anag.)
25 A fitting place
27 River Dee

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 184

ACROSS:—1 HOMEGROWN; 6 DRY UP; 9 MERMAID; 10 CASTLES; 11 DUD; 12 ERRANT; 13 WIRE; 15 PUNCTURE; 16 FUNGUS; 18 RECANT; 20 REFORMER; 23 COLE; 24 NAPOLI; 25 RUN; 28 UNMORAL; 29 ASTRIDE; 30 ENTRY; 31 WORMCASTS.

DOWN:—1 HUMID; 2 MERIDEN; 3 GRAVESTONE; 4 ORDERERS; 5 NICENE; 6 DUSK; 7 YELLING; 8 POSSESSOR; 14 EULOGISTIC; 15 PARACHUTE; 17 DEBONAIR; 19 CALUMET; 21 MARTINS; 22 CALLOW; 26 NEEDS; 27 TROY.

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